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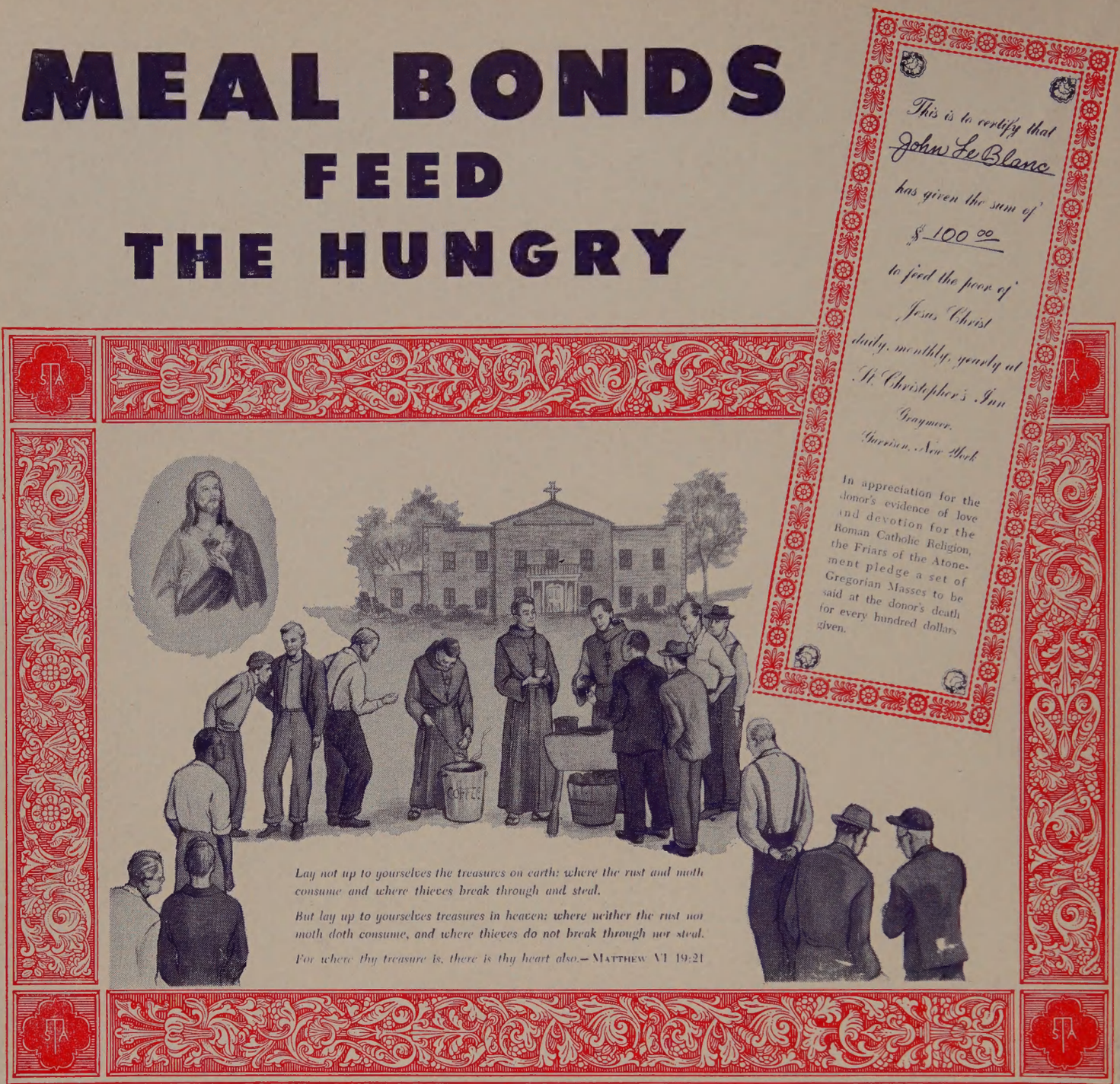
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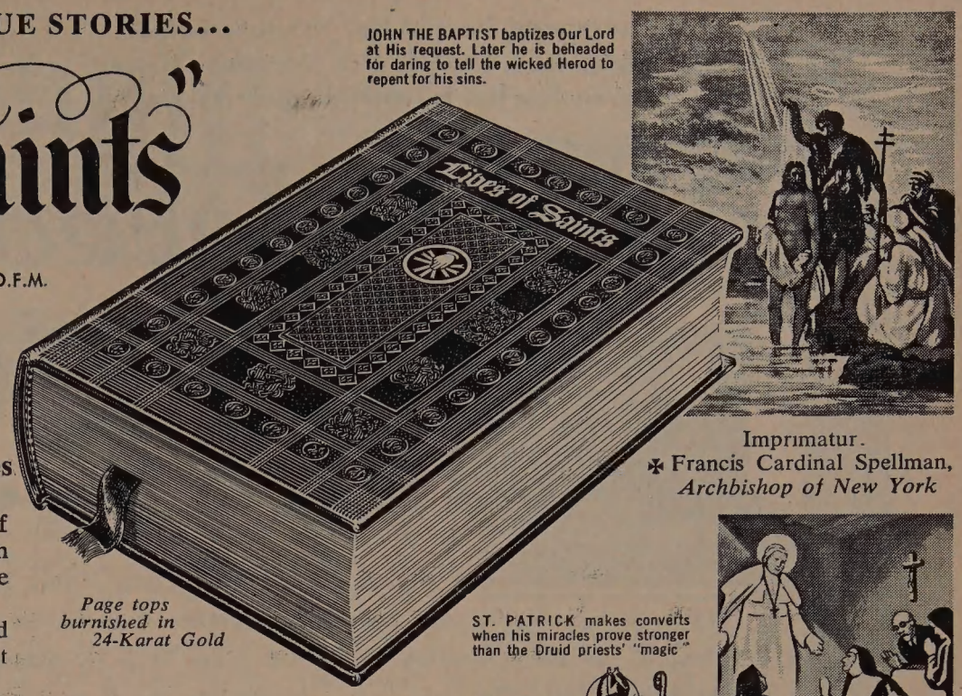

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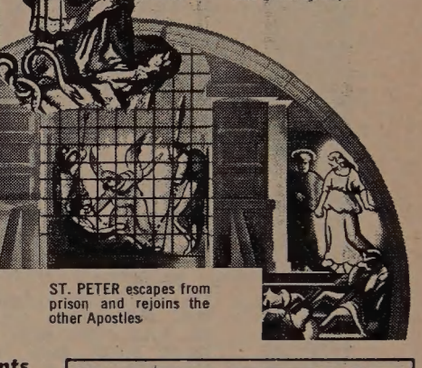

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The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY

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See back cover for details

This Month

Our Cover

Our Lady of the Atonement

The representation of Our Lady as depicted on the cover is our poster used for the promotion of the Chair of Unity Octave for 1957. As most of our readers will notice, it is a picture of Mary as Our Lady of the Atonement, the special name that the Society of the Atonement has for her.

The composite at the right of the picture represents various races and religious groups who are outside the One Fold of the Church. It does not represent all the intentions of the Chair of Unity Octave, but conveys the impression of those who are separated from the Unity of Christ. It is the work of Dolores Wisinski, our illustrator for THE LAMP.

At Graymoor we desire to promote devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the title, Our Lady of the Atonement. Hence the reason for using it prior to the Octave, for we seek to follow the principle of St. Pius X: "There is no surer or easier way of uniting men with Christ than Mary."

For not only must those outside the Church come to know and love the Mother and Child, but those who enjoy the inestimable privilege of being members of the true Church look to Them for the grace of religious unity for uncounted millions.

We encourage all to pray the Octave publicly if possible; if not feasible, we urge them to offer their prayers at home. If you do not have a copy of the prayer, you may use the one given below.

As a followup of the Octave we urge you to join in the Prayer for Unity League, established at Graymoor under the protection of Our Lady of the Atonement. The only obligation is the daily recitation of the official Octave prayer: "That all may be one." There are no dues, but there are many spiritual benefits.

Pray to the Blessed Mother during the Unity Octave for the cause so close to her heart. For she is Our Lady of the At-one-ment, that is, of

Unity, constantly longing for the salvation of all men. She prays "that they all may be one." We can do no better than to imitate her holy example.

We should like to call attention to the article "Our Lady's League" which describes the League of Prayer for Unity established at Graymoor as a means of furthering the cause of Christian Unity. We desire to secure thousands of members for this League under the guidance and inspiration of Our Lady of the Atonement. We have also printed in full the Apostolic Brief, *Expiare hominum,* by which the Holy Father granted approval to our League as a powerful means to secure fulfillment of the Saviour's prayer for Unity.

The Octave

The Chair of Unity Octave opens on January 18 and closes on January 25.

May we ask all our readers to join with us in saying the Octave Prayer every day?

ANTIPHON . . . That they all may be one as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me.

℣. I say unto thee that thou art Peter.

℟. And upon this rock I will build My Church.

LET US PRAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, Who didst say to Thine Apostles, "Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you," look not upon our sins but the faith of Thy Church and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy Will, Who livest and reignest God, forever and ever. Amen. (300 days indul. each day of Octave. 300 days each time for members of the League).

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A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY

FRANCISCAN FRIARS
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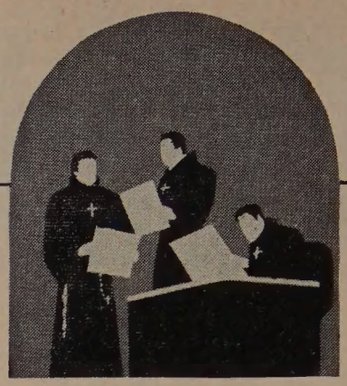
Correspondence



Favor Received

Dear Father: Please accept this donation in honor of SS. Anthony and Gerard. I have been negligent in renewing my subscription due to the birth of our third child. A girl at last! I named her in honor of St. Gerard.

I thank the saint for many favors granted and you for the wonderful "LAMP." Mrs. E.K.

Watch Found

Dear Father: This check is given in thanksgiving to St. Anthony, the Blessed Virgin and Jesus for finding my watch.

I am a convert and do not know all about the Saints but I take THE LAMP magazine and so I've read so much about St. Anthony helping to find lost articles.

My husband, who gave me the watch, passed away in February; so I felt badly about losing it.

There were many people from Los Angeles and tourists at a Beach called Hermosa where I lost my watch and I felt that there was little chance of finding it. But a man who lived on the street my husband always liked, and right near where I was visiting in Los Angeles, found it and called the Police Station. And some lady whom I had never seen told me to call the Police Station at this beach. I had never heard of calling the Police Station but the second day I did and they told me this man called in and had a watch he had found on the beach. When I called for the watch I saw a picture of the Sacred Heart. They were Catholics and the man's wife said she prayed to St. Anthony that I would find the watch. Mrs. I.B.

Operation Unnecessary

Dear Father: During a recent illness when an operation seemed inevitable I asked St. Anthony to intercede for me so that I would be spared an operation. I also promised the enclosed donation and publication in THE LAMP if my prayers were answered. Thank God and St. Anthony my request was heard. E.B.T.

Two Favors Granted

Dear Father: I promised publication in THE LAMP and a donation to St. Jude if my prayers were answered that we would get a better apartment. Thank God and St. Jude it was answered so please find two dollars enclosed. Also one dollar as promised to St. Anthony for finding my keys. Mrs. P.M.

Rheumatism

Dear Father: I promised publication in THE LAMP in honor of St. Anthony. I have had rheumatism for about 37 years and about two years ago it got so bad I couldn't straighten up. Then I went to a diagnostic specialist and he told me I had decalcification of some of my vertebrae. He said if I took my medicine faithfully he could stop the decalcification but he couldn't make the bones new as they were brittle and drying up. So about three months ago I found the Responsory in honor of St. Anthony in a prayer book and the thought came to me as I read "And lifeless limbs thou dost restore," why can't St. Anthony strengthen my back if I pray the Responsory; so I did, and in August my back became stronger. I can straighten up, lift things, and do not have much pain any more, thanks to St. Anthony.

I hope anyone that reads this who has severe aches and pains invokes St. Anthony, the saint that always helps. I did not at the time make the offering of a stipend but will send something later on to help feed St. Anthony's hungry, when I have a permanent address.

C.M.H.

Commission

Dear Father: Having promised publication and ten percent of everything I earned if successful in a new business, I am enclosing herewith $7.00, representing slightly more than the amount of my first commission check which was for $68.24.

Please, therefore, publish this letter, and say a prayer to St. Anthony for my continued success. W.H.C.

Pictures Found

Dear Father: As a promise to St. Anthony I am sending you $1.00 thanking him for answering my prayer for helping me find pictures of my dead mother which my son had never seen.

I would like very much to have this published in THE LAMP. I am very grateful. Mrs. M.H.

Graces Received

Dear Father: After a visit to a relative's home, I came home with some of her old books THE LAMP. I began to thumb through them and found them very interesting. I also noticed your page where people give thanks for graces received, etc.

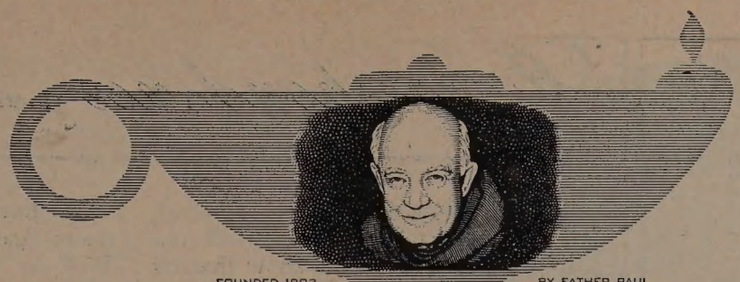
Then I began to think, I have a lot to be thankful for. I have a good husband, a nice home, and a child, which I am very fortunate to have. So I thought I would send in this little offering for graces received from the Blessed Virgin.

I prayed that the Blessed Virgin would help my daughter to walk better—she has a nerve condition in her legs. She

(*Continued on page 6*)

January
1957

Volume Fifty-five
Number One



FOUNDED 1903 BY FATHER PAUL

IN FOCUS · · AS WE SEE IT

THE MASK SLIPPED

IN the face of recent events in Hungary, Soviet Russia's attempt to bamboozle the world into believing that atheistic Communism as practiced by Lenin or Stalin and their evil cohorts has changed in theory, strategy, or tactics under the present men of the Kremlin has failed completely.

The downgrading of Stalin, the cringing admission of "past mistakes," the smiling visage of Bulganin, the affable bonhommie of the drunk, Khrushchev, and the incessant Kremlin line of cynical peace propaganda lies were all intended to assure everyone that the Soviets had changed their attitude since conditions in Russia had changed with the death of Stalin. The purpose was twofold: to convince the neutralist East that communism was truly the friend, ally, and protector of the downtrodden colonial masses: and to assure the anti-communist West that the U.S.S.R. was a peace-loving, democratic nation which could, and should, be accepted as worthy of trust, confidence and unlimited trade.

Despite suspicion to the contrary, many people may have been deceived for a very short time. Poland was granted a modicum of internal autonomy, although the government remained communist. A nationalist was installed as Premier. To quiet the populace and to secure popular support, the government released Cardinal Wyszynski from arrest and promised to restore Church property confiscated under Stalin.

MEANWHILE, young students and workers in Hungary revolted and drove the Russian soldiers from Budapest. Frightened by this, the Russians decided to crush Hungary once and for all as an example to the other satellites. Tanks, guns and divisions of Mongol soldiers, who were told that they were being sent abroad either to defend the Suez Canal or to repel an invasion of Americans, were rushed over the border. The people fought desperately and died valiantly for their country and their freedom. But untrained men and women, and boys and girls as young as 13 and 14, armed only with materials they could capture, are no match for tanks and cannons and treachery and duplicity.

To the amazement of the world and to their own imperishable glory they fought on in hopeless fury. Though the final issue was never in doubt when the Russian army was reinforced, the tenacity, bravery, courage, and valor of these noble people in standing off the overwhelming forces sent against them, utterly smashed the propaganda myth of Russia's military invicibility. Even in defeat the Hungarians refused to yield. They refused to work and brought the economy of the country to a standstill.

Soviet cruelty and ruthlessness was exposed for all the world to see. As one eyewitness, Barrett McGurn, wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune:*

"The Russians behaved with extraordinary cruelty, pounding a helpless city with cannon fire for four days, blocking efforts to send medical aid and to relieve women and children, and reorganizing the apparatus of terror . . . Westerners report seeing . . . Soviet command cars and tanks employing the white flag of truce and of surrender to move into strategically overwhelming positions."

THE world stood appalled at the sight. Delegate after delegate rose in the United Nations to condemn the atrocities. The Holy Father sent encyclicals to the whole world begging for prayers and help for the suffering people of Hungary. Riots and anti-Soviet demonstrations broke out everywhere. Even India's Nehru, belatedly recognizing the opposition to his former policy of supporting the Soviets and opposing the West, joined the Prime Ministers of Burma and Indonesia in condemning the intervention of the Russians and urging that the foreign troops be withdrawn from Hungary so that the country could be let free to decide its own future. In Yugoslavia, the Communist Tito declared that the use of troops in Hungary was a "fatal error." Party members deserted in droves, tearing up their cards in disgust.

Russia's might and power have prevailed. Hungary has been destroyed. But Russia's hypocritical pose as the defender of the downtrodden and the protector of smaller nations has been exposed in all its cruel truth for everyone to see. †

See back cover for details

Necrology

We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.

Ethel May, Urbanie Dekempe, Ellen Quinlan, Mrs. M. Pelikan, Allan P. Earle, Mrs. Henry Crawford, Anna Progacini, Kenneth Czichora, Mrs. Joseph Burcheski, Adele Pedozle, Robert McElligott, Timothy Cox, Mary Hulderson, Theresa Durika, Amelia Dunn, Gregoris & Juanita Alcola, Mr. D. J. Harden, Katherine Kemph, Clarence A. Olson, Christopher A. Rinke, Victoria Louise Palkowski, James R. Beahn, Kathryn Tighe, Robert Bender, Miss Beekart, Katherine Uva, Lawson Banville, Mary L. Tunney, Anthony Semprich, Rose Faut, Ernest J. Martin, Mrs. Edgar Ethier, Caroline Hoffman, Richard A. Glynn, James Joseph Diamond, Eunice Dougherty, Alfred La Polla, Mary A. McCullen, John J. Valley, Ralph White, Mary Archambault, Rev. William O'Mahony, John Valent, Glenn Joseph Sabus, Joseph J. Venezio, Armando R. Fiorentine, Edward F. Wiechman, Joseph Iler, John J. Martiner, Jr., Margaret Curran, Dennis Nyhan, Marcella Kolodny, Patrick Callahan, Anna Heiman, Henry Schaefer, John E. Whalen, Michael J. Santasiero, Joseph J. De Vere, George Jacobs, Herbert Smith, Frances Regan, Martin McLaughlin, Robert J. Whelan, Thomas E. Cox, Mrs. Timothy Cox, Mamie Heiden, Anna McMonigle, William V. Bush, Alice Raycroft, Charlotte Blanchfield, Erna Woods, Margaret Quinn, Charles Aleksa, James Parker, Marie E. Steiger, Mr. Blewett, Dr. Reddie Frank Mullholand, Elizabeth Banas, James B. O'Connell, Maurice E. Hardy, Stephen George Nolan, Elizabeth Berwick, Francis Clary, Mrs. John Urmas, Miss Ida Smith, Herman E. Krug, Theresa Braun, Theadora Cecelia Eiber, Rose Marie Wright, Raymon Amesbury, Denis Moynihan, Mr. Paris, Mary Fallon, Guy Manning, Rev. Clement J. Dwyer, Angela Guidice, Matilda McNally, Joseph Anthony Gallo, Thomas F. Moore, Royland Iler, James F. Sheridan, Jr., Anthony L. DeSilva, Robert Long, John W. O'Brien, Cornelius Moran, John Healy.

Correspondence *Continued*

had an operation which was successful, and I keep praying that she will improve as time goes on. I know that by praying these things can be accomplished.

The offering is not too large, but in this way I like to show the Blessed Virgin that I am truly grateful for everything that I have, for without her help I wouldn't have them. Mrs. O.V.S.

Television

Dear Father: Enclosed you will find a donation of $5.00 which my wife and I promised for a favor received. We tried for a long time to sell a small television set but without any luck. This past Sunday while at Mass my wife, unknown to me, asked the Sacred Heart for assistance in selling the set and promised the donation, while I, myself unknown to her, prayed to St. Anthony for the same help. Two hours later, when we returned from Mass, a lady came to the door and bought the set. I think this is almost a record for having your prayers answered. J.M.C.

Faith

Dear Father: If you please, I would like to have this letter published in THE LAMP.

I prayed to the Blessed Mother for just one week for my Baptism. You see I am a 15 year old boy and my father wouldn't consent to my Baptism so I prayed very hard. Then at the dinner table one day he said I could be baptized.

Now I'm taking instructions, thanks to the Blessed Lady. A.H.M.

Job

Dear Father: I am enclosing ten dollars in fulfillment of a promise to St. Anthony, St. Pius X and Our Blessed Mother. My son promised to send this money and also publicly thank them if his favor was answered.

My son found a job which will enable him to save so that he can go to college. Out of his own earnings he is sending the donation.

We are very grateful to God and the intercession of Our Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, and St. Pius X. L.M.

Lost Articles

Dear Father: I am enclosing $5.00 for a very great favor received through St. Anthony.

A few weeks ago my 13 year old daughter lost her lovely wrist watch which I had given her for her birthday. She was playing outdoors when all of a sudden she burst out crying and told us what had happened. We immediately began searching for it. We looked all over—we pulled up weeds and could not find it—in fact we gave up the search.

My brother-in-law decided to go outdoors again and give it a second try. Well he found it, in the same place where we had looked a hundred times or more.

Father, all the time we were looking for the watch I kept praying to St. Anthony to please help us find it and he did.

Whenever we lose anything we never worry because we know that St. Anthony will always find it for us. He knows that we love him and believe in him for the truly great saint that he is. Mrs. A.F.R.

Exams

Dear Father: Enclosed you will find $5.00 which I am sending to St. Anthony in thanksgiving for favors received.

I am a college student and when final exams were due I prayed to St. Anthony for help and guidance. I promised $2.00 no matter what the outcome was and $5.00 if the outcome was in my favor. As you can see from the amount I am sending everything was in my favor. V.M.

Sinus

Dear Father: I promised St. Anthony $1.00 and to have this letter published if I would get better from a serious case of sinus which kept getting worse even after having it drained in the hospital. I am feeling much better and do not have to get an operation. Charles W.
Age 10

Favor Granted

Dear Father: I would like to have this letter published if you can find space for it in your magazine. I am a subscriber to your magazine and have been for the last few years. I enjoy it very much. I am enclosing $40.00 for St. Anthony's bread for the poor. This is for a promise I made if I would get employment. I did get employment and therefore am sending what I promised.

I have a lot of faith in St. Anthony and have had a lot of favors granted through his intercession. I also pray to our Blessed Mother a lot and have much faith in her. I have had a lot of favors granted through her intercession also.

I am still praying to keep my employment and hope that you will help me out.

Thank you for past favors. A.V.G.

Too Much?

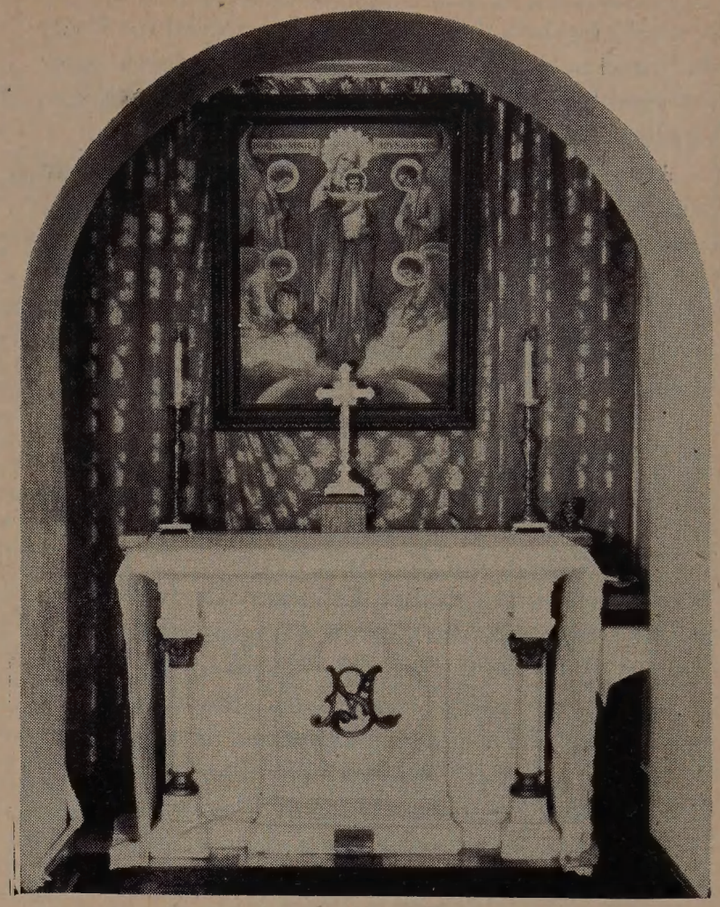
Dear Father: Would you please have this letter printed in THE LAMP. I made a promise to St. Anthony of $10.00 if I would get what I wanted but I must have been asking for too much because my wish has only partly been accomplished. So here is the last three dollars that completes my promise because St. Anthony has been good to me in so many ways. Mrs. J.A.B.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

Our Lady's League For Unity

by TITUS CRANNY, S.A.



Altar of Our Lady of the Atonement in St. Francis Chapel, Graymoor

JUST six years after he had been received into the Church Father Paul received a wonderful blessing from the Holy See. The Chair of Unity Octave which had begun in 1908 was approved by Pope Benedict XV by the Apostolic Brief, *Romanorum Pontificum,* on February 23, 1916, enriched with many indulgences, and extended to the universal Church.

With deepest gratitude for this great favor, Father Paul expressed his sentiments of appreciation to the Holy Father. "In spirit," he wrote, "we kneel with profound veneration at the feet of the Vicar of Christ to thank His Holiness for the immense favor he has granted and we promise in return to labor more zealously and with all our strength to propagate this same Octave of prayer not only in the United States of America and Great Britain and Canada, but among all nations and in all parts of the world."

With similar joy and gratitude the spiritual sons of Father Paul received an Apostolic Brief from the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII approving a new venture in the Apostolate of Christian Unity.

WITH the document, *Expiare hominum,* the Holy Father gave his blessing to the League of Prayer for Unity under the patronage of Our Lady of the Atonement. We are indeed grateful to receive this favor from the Sovereign Pontiff; we are especially grateful that our association has been placed under the protection and guidance of the Blessed Virgin as Our Lady of the Atonement. This design is indeed in keeping with the thought of the liturgy that Mary has destroyed all heresies throughout the world and in perfect accord with the ideals of Father Paul of Graymoor in his love for our Atonement Mother and Queen.

We like to think that this movement enjoys the special protection of Our Lady under Graymoor's favorite title and we are confident that through the Blessed Virgin's influence and love it will do much to bring souls to the unity of the one Fold under the One Shepherd. We like to think that this association belongs to the Blessed Virgin in a particular way. It is indeed Our Lady's League.

FOR not only have the saint and doctors of the Church written of Mary's role in the economy of redemption and in the salvation of souls, but the Popes, particularly those of recent times, have stressed Mary's function in bringing souls back to Christ. St. Pius X asserted that "There is no surer or easier way of uniting men with Christ than Mary." And Pope Leo XIII declared that Our Lady is the "most excellent protector and custodian of Unity" and quoted St. Germanus of Constantinople: "Be mindful of Christians who are thy servants; commend the prayers of all; help all to realize their hopes; strengthen the faith; keep the Church in unity." Our League is the outgrowth and development of the Unity Octave which Father Paul began. It stems from the realization that while prayer for Unity at the special time of the Octave is effective,

See back cover for details

it would be desirable if the faithful prayed for Unity daily and not only in January. From this desire came the establishment of the League with approval from Cardinal Spellman on March 15, 1949.

After several years, permission was then sought from His Eminence to submit a request to the Holy See for papal approval of the League and permission to place it formally under the protection of Our Lady. Cardinal Spellman graciously granted this favor on May 11, 1955 and the petition was subsequently sent to Rome.

As Procurator General, Very Rev. Father Raphael Grande, S.A. presented the request for indulgences to the Sacred Penitentiary of which Nicholas Cardinal Canali, our Cardinal Protector, is Prefect. The request was granted February 21, 1956. Then on May 30, 1956 the Sacred Congregation of the Council approved the canonical status of the League as a primary pious union with the faculty of aggregating other similar associations to itself.

In the Apostolic Brief which bears the official Seal of the Fisherman, the Holy Father declared: "We, being convinced that the aims of this pious society are particularly pleasing to God and useful to the Church, and wishing to encourage its members to embark on this noble work and to perform it more diligently, have gladly decided to grant the request, endorsed with the full approval of our beloved son, Nicholas Cardinal Canali."

Other parts of the document are of joy to all of us. "The Apostolic See has granted special privileges and indulgences from the treasury of the Church to those who perform the works proper to this pious society. . . . With the consent of the Congregation of the Council through this Brief, by our Apostolic Authority, we raise in perpetuity the pious union named in English "The League of Prayer for Unity under the protection of Our Lady of the Atonement" to the dignity of a primary union. . . . We grant its Directors both present and future according to the above mentioned Canon (720) of the Code of Canon Law the faculty of legally aggregating to itself each and every pious union of the same name and purpose which has been erected or will be erected throughout the world, and of communicating to them all the indulgences and spiritual favors granted or to be granted, to the same primary union by the Holy See if they can be communicated to others."

While heartened by the language of this official document, we were thrilled with the many indulgences granted to the members of the League. A complete listing cannot be given here, but may be summarized as follows:

A plenary indulgence on the day of enrollment, on various feasts of Our Lady, of which the principal one is that of Our Lady of the Atonement on July 9, for this is the patronal feast of the League. The same indulgence on the feast day of 21 saints who were prominent as champions of the faith and defenders of the Holy See. The requirements for gaining this indulgence are the "usual conditions," that is, confession, communion (on the day itself or within an eight day period before or after the feast) and prayer for the Holy Father.

There are partial indulgences of 300 days for each time for the recitation of the prayer "That all may be One" etc. and also for the brief invocation: "Our Lady of the Atonement, intercede for us. That the prayer of thy divine Son may be fulfilled: That all may be One." A plenary indulgence once a month is gained for those who recite each prayer daily. There is another indulgence of 300 days for each good work of piety or charity for the purpose of the League, that is, for Christian Unity.

Priests may gain a plenary indulgence whenever they receive a non-Catholic into the Church. And a converted non-Catholic may gain the same benefit when he makes his profession of faith in being received into the Church. A further blessing is the indult by which all Masses celebrated by any priest for the repose of any League member who died in the state of grace will be as if offered on a privileged altar.

The chief duties of the League members are the following three which of course do not bind under sin: (1) To recite daily the Chair of Unity prayer "That all may be One" etc., for the prayer to Our Lady for Unity, while recommended, is optional. (2) To observe publicly, if possible, the Chair of Unity Octave. (3) To offer other prayers and good works for the cause of Christian Unity.

Any member of the faithful may join the League by sending his name to the Father Director, League of Prayer for Unity, Graymoor, Garrison, N.Y. There are no dues or meetings, for the League is established on the basis of a pious union rather than of a confraternity. Priest members are urged to pray for Unity when they offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass, especially on Thursday. All members are encouraged to offer prayers and good works for this great intention of our times.

Thus our newly formed League, approved by the Holy See, should have a special claim on the interest and charity of the faithful. For Christian Unity is the great problem of our times and the Blessed Virgin is the means given by God to effect the unity of all men in the Church of Christ. Or as Fr. Louis Bowyer, C. Orat. has declared: "Mary at the beginning of the Church represents as concentrated in one person the same perfection that will be displayed in the multitude of believers gathered together in Unity. Mary is the pledge and the symbol of Catholic Unity." (*Cont. on page* 32)

Translation of the Apostolic Brief

Expiare hominum

by POPE PIUS XII

To atone for the sins of men and to bring them back into unity with God is the specific purpose of the Franciscan Institute which for that reason is called in English "of the Atonement." Its founder and first Father General, Paul Wattson, founded a pious society whose purpose would be to implore through prayer, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Atonement—that those who have wandered from the true faith—might be brought back to the unity of the Church. To this pious society is given the English name "League of Prayer for Unity under the protection of Our Lady of the Atonement."

This pious society canonically erected by our dear son, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, in whose jurisdiction the motherhouse of the above-mentioned congregation is, has happily grown and is now established in many regions not only in the United States but also in Canada and England.

Indeed about 10,000 people have now promised that they will not cease supplicating God until the darkness of error has been eliminated and there is at length one fold and one shepherd (John 10:16). The Apostolic See itself, to encourage such fruitful beginnings, granted special privileges or indulgences, taken from the treasury of the Church to those who performed the works proper to this pious society.

Since all of these things have progressed with such vigor, our beloved son, the Procurator General of the Congregation of the Religious of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis of Assisi "of the Atonement," humbly and prayerfully besought Us to decorate the praiseworthy pious society with the name of Primary Union according to Can. 720, with the added faculty of aggregating other pious unions of the same kind to it.

We, being convinced that the aims of this pious society are particularly pleasing to God and useful to the Church, and wishing to encourage its members to embark on this noble work and to perform it more diligently, have gladly decided to grant the request, endorsed with full approval, of our beloved son, Nicholas Cardinal Canali, the Protector of the aforesaid Institute. With the consent of the Congregation of the Council through this Brief, by our Apostolic Authority, we raise in perpetuity the pious union named in English "The League of Prayer for Unity under the protection of Our Lady of the Atonement" to the dignity of a primary union and We grant to its Directors both present and future according to the norm of the above-mentioned Canon of the Code of Canon Law the faculty of legally aggregating to itself each and every pious union of the same name and purpose which has been erected or will be erected through the world and of communicating to them all of the indulgences and spiritual favors, granted or to be granted, to the same primary union by the Holy See if they can be communicated to others. Everything else to the contrary notwithstanding.

This We grant, decreeing that these present letters are firm, valid and efficacious always and do so remain; that their effects are and remain full and complete; that to this primary union mentioned above now and forever we give the fullest support; and that in such manner it is to be legally judged and defined. From now on if there is anything otherwise attempted by anyone, under any authority whatsoever, knowingly or ignorantly, it is null and void.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's under the Ring of the Fisherman on the 30th day of May, 1956 in the 18th year of our pontificate. By the most special mandate of the Most Holy See through the Cardinal in charge of the public affairs of the Church.

Seal of
Pius XII Pont. Max.

INDULGENCES FOR THE UNITY LEAGUE

The Indulgences granted for the "League of Prayer for Unity under the Patronage of Our Lady of the Atonement" are the following:

I. Plenary indulgence to be gained under the usual conditions:

a) by the faithful, on day of enrollment in League;

b) by priest members whenever they receive a non-Catholic into the Church;

c) by converted non-Catholics, on the day when they make abjuration of sect;

d) by all members, on the feast of Our Lady of the Atonement (July 9)
The Immaculate Conception (Dec 8)
The Nativity of Our Lady (Sept 8)
The Seven Dolors (Sept 15)
The Assumption (Aug 15)
The Holy Name of Mary (Sept 12)
Queenship of Mary (May 31)
Mediatrix of all Grace (May 29)
Most Holy Rosary (Oct 7)
Seven Joys (Aug 27)
Maternity of Mary (Oct 11)
Immaculate Heart of Mary (Aug 22)

St. Joseph (March 19)
SS. Peter & Paul (June 29)
Chair of St. Peter at Rome (Jan 18)
St. Peter in Chains (Aug 1)
Conversion of St. Paul (Jan 25)
Comm. of St. Paul (June 30)
St. Pius X (Sept 3)
St. John Chrysostom (Jan 27)
St. Bonaventure (July 14)
St. Patrick (Mar 17)
St. Ansgar (Feb 3)
St. Augustine of Canterbury (May 28)
St. Willibrord (Nov 7)
St. Boniface (June 8)
St. Josaphat (Nov 14)
St. Francis of Assisi (Oct 4)
St. Anthony of Padua (June 13)
St. Francis Xavier (Dec 3)
St. Therese of the Child Jesus (Oct 3)
St. Clare (Aug 12)

e) Once a month by those who observe daily the pious practice "Ut omnes unum sint" (Rac. 622) or who recite devoutly the invocation, "Our Lady of the Atonement intercede for us that the prayer of thy Divine Son may be fulfilled: That all may be one" each day of the month.

2. A partial indulgence of 300 days, to be gained each time by those who at least with a contrite heart

a) Recite the above mentioned prayer or the cited pious practice;

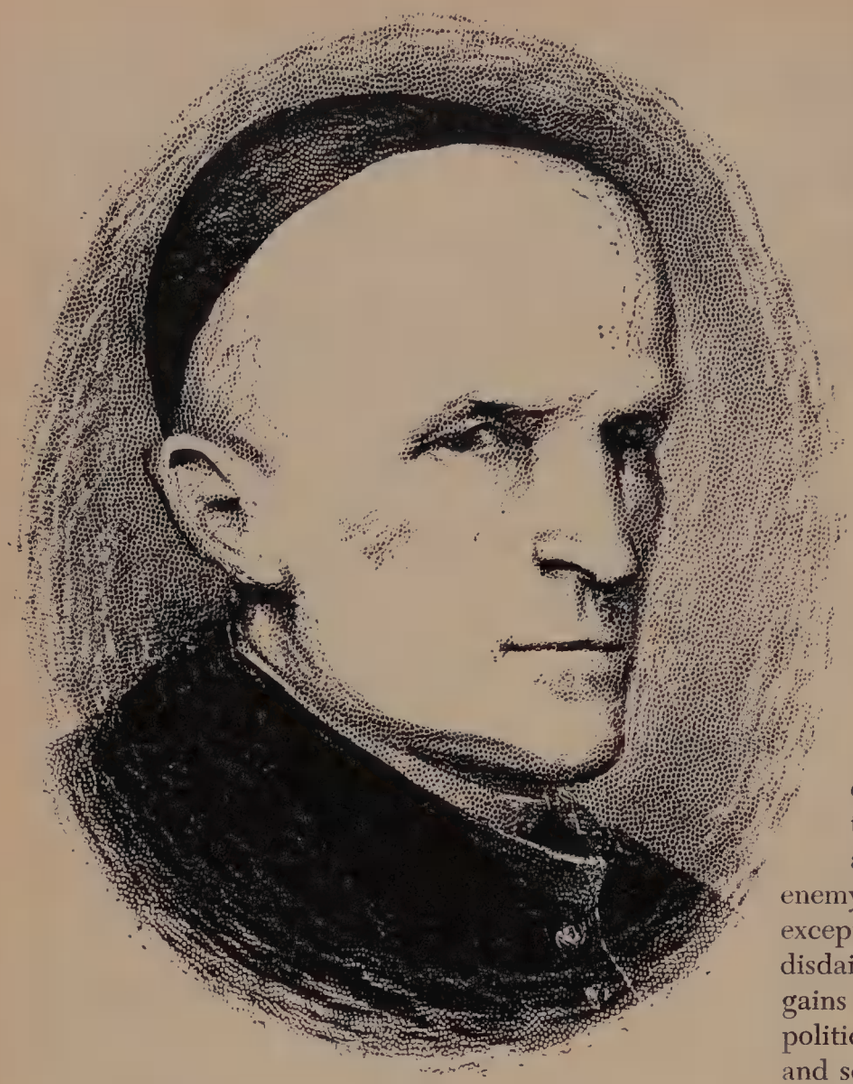
b) Perform any work of piety or charity for the purpose of the pious union.

II. An indult by which all Masses celebrated by any priest for the repose of any member who died in the state of grace will assist it as if they were offered on a privileged altar.

Feb. 21, 1956
N. Card. Canali
Grand Penitentiary
J. Rossi, Secretary

See back cover for details

by RALPH THOMAS, S.A.



Cardinal Manning's

ON the morning of January 21, 1892, Londoners witnessed a spectacle which scarcely could have been expected in Victorian England. Inside spacious Brompton Oratory as the mortal remains of a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church proceeded from the sanctuary to the street, representatives of the Church, the aristocracy, political life and the government stood in reverent silence. Outside, the streets were lined with an immense multitude of people. When the hearse passed through the vast throng, Protestants and Catholics, Socialists and non-believers uncovered their heads or knelt in respect. At various points bands played funeral marches. The London Trade Unions, the League of the Cross, the Irish Nationalist Societies, groups of children, members of charitable organizations extended all the way from the church to the cemetery. It seemed that for a day all the diverse elements of England's great Capital had become united and reconciled about the coffin of one of her illustrious sons.

SUCH was the popular and yet sublime demonstration of love paid to Cardinal Manning, Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, at his obsequies.

During his life of ceaseless activity, however, no one had opposed more vigorously the contradictory elements of compromise which characterized the late Victorian Age. He had fearlessly attacked the Liberalism which has no definite enemy except the Church of God, no definite aim except to destroy the individual conscience. He had disdained the doctrine of progress which counts its gains only in material goods. He had assaulted that political economy which was so convenient for so few and so unjust for so many.

But even more than this, Henry Edward Manning had withdrawn from the Anglican Communion, of which he had been a clergyman, and in which he had been considered a most promising leader, to become the champion of a restored Catholicism. He, with Newman, and Pusey, and others was a part of the revival of interest in the origins and constitution of Christianity which made evident the compromising and contradictory position of the Anglican Church. How could Anglicanism—servant of the State and child of the Protestant Reformation—claim to be the one, holy, and apostolic Church founded on the Rock of Peter?

THE realization of this ambiguous situation had a profound effect on many sincere souls in the Anglican Church. Some—like Pusey—attempted to maintain Catholic teaching while still recognizing the Establishment which had been set up under the Crown with Elizabeth I constituted as the "only supreme Governor of this realm in all spiritual and ecclesiastical matters." Others, like Mark Pattison, after half-seeing the vision of truth, turned away embittered and were left to waste away their lives in doubt. Still another large number, discovering that the more fully they became acquainted with the great principles of St. Augustine and the other Church Fathers the more intensely they suffered

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

One of the three most handsome men

at Oxford, the young Manning played

cricket, rowed, and even went

in for the manly art of self defense

Journey to Rome

their confinement with the Elizabethan Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles, left the Anglican communion and entered the Catholic Church. One of the most notable of these was Henry Edward Manning.

Born on July 15, 1808, the youngest child of a prosperous city merchant, Mr. William Manning, Tory Member of Parliament, the boy had a happy childhood. From his mother he learned his letters, the elements of Latin grammar, the standard hymns, and the fear of "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." It was taken for granted that when he became older he would become a clergyman in the Anglican church, although young Henry displayed little desire for the profession.

At Harrow, one of the four great English schools, which for so many years have produced Britain's most distinguished scholars and men of affairs, he made his mark more by his character and his prowess in athletics than in his studies. When it came time for him to go to Oxford—his father's fortune in the meantime having received severe financial reverses—he determined to take scholastic rank with the most brilliant mind of the age, and in November, 1830, he took a first-class in Classics.

In a group which included Samuel Wilberforce and William Gladstone, Manning was an outstanding speaker. He was reputed "one of the three most handsome men in Oxford." He played cricket, rowed, and even participated in boxing. He dreamed of a life in government, Parliament, the Prime Ministership.

But he had not reckoned with certain external events which conspired to effect the first faint beginnings of an internal conversion of the spirit. If up to now his religious feelings were so far from enthusiastic that he was compelled to write his father that "the thought of being a clergyman has utterly passed from me," now he was determined, through the influence of Evangelical friends, "to give up the world and to live for God and for souls." In April, 1832, he went to Oxford to prepare himself for the Anglican Church. In December of the same year he was made a deacon and on Christmas Day preached his first sermon on the text from Isaias: "Arise, and be enlightened, O Jerusalem."

Could these words be a prophecy of things to come? At first it did not appear so. Within a few months Manning married and was given a settled income as rector of the parish of Lavington. He seemed destined to live out his life as a comfortable, respectable, honorable Anglican clergyman who would be the good father of a family, the prudent supporter of whatever the Victorian Age stood for, and the person who—clothed in surplice, or even in stole—would preach from the pulpit each Sunday, and participate in Evensong.

But this was not to be. After four years of happy married life Manning underwent the profound grief of having his wife taken from him by death. Three days later he wrote to Gladstone, "God has been graciously pleased to lead me into a way that is a desert, and to bid me serve Him with entire surrender of myself."

During those years of happy but constant parochial activity, he had already come face to face with questions which caused him trouble. First of all, there was the incomplete basis of his piety which he felt was out of harmony with the full truth contained in the New Testament. And then there was the question of *a* Church or *the* Church. This latter question he put to himself in (*Cont. on page* 24)

See back cover for details

CREDO in un Dio solo. Credo in Dio che premia i buoni e castiga i cattivi.

CREDO che in Dio ci sono tre Persone divine: Il Padre, il Figlio e lo Spirito Santo.

CREDO che il Figlio di Dio si fece Uomo, pur non cessando di essere Dio. Credo che Egli è il mio Signore e Salvatore Gesù Cristo, Redentore del genere umano, morto in Croce per la salute di tutti gli uomini ed anche per me.

CREDO, sull'autorità di Dio, quanto Egli ha insegnato e rivelato.

DAMMI, o Signore, una fede sicura, e fa, o Signore, che io creda con fede viva.

ITALIAN

FRENCH

JE CROIS en un seul Dieu. Je crois que Dieu récompense les bons et punit les méchants.

JE CROIS qu'il y a trois personnes divines en Dieu: Dieu le Père, Dieu le Fils et Dieu le Saint-Esprit.

JE CROIS que Dieu le Fils s'est fait homme sans cesser d'être Dieu. Je crois qu'Il est mon Seigneur et mon Sauveur, Jésus Christ, le Rédempteur du genre humain, qui est mort sur la Croix pour le salut de tous les hommes, et qui est mort aussi pour moi.

JE CROIS, sur l'autorité de la parole de Dieu, toutes les choses qu'Il a enseignées et révélées.

O MON DIEU, donnez-moi une foi forte. O mon Dieu, aidez-moi à croire avec une foi vive.

Praying for the success of the work

GERMAN

ICH GLAUBE an den einen wahren Gott. Ich glaube, daß Gott die Guten belohnt und die Bösen bestraft.

ICH GLAUBE, daß in Gott drei Personen sind: Gott der Vater, Gott der Sohn und Gott der Heilige Geist.

ICH GLAUBE, daß der Sohn Gottes Mensch geworden und dabei doch Gott geblieben ist. Ich glaube, daß er mein Herr und Heiland Jesus Christus, der Erlöser der Menschen ist, der am Kreuze für das Heil aller Menschen—auch für mich—gestorben ist.

ICH GLAUBE alles, was Gott gelehrt und geoffenbart hat, weil er die ewige, unfehlbare Wahrheit ist.

O MEIN GOTT, gib mir einen starken Glauben! O mein Gott, hilf mir mit lebendigem Glauben zu glauben!

I BELIEVE in one God. I believe that God rewards the good, and punishes the wicked.

I BELIEVE that in God there are three Divine Persons—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

I BELIEVE that God the Son became Man, without ceasing to be God. I believe that He is my Lord and my Saviour Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the human race, Who died on the Cross for the salvation of all men, Who died also for me.

I BELIEVE, on God's authority, everything that He has taught and revealed.

O MY GOD, give me strong faith. O my God; help me to believe with lively faith.

ENGLISH

Neighborhood

by THOMAS A. LAHEY, C.S.C.

WHAT would you say, dear reader, if you were told that one of the most fertile of all missionary fields is right under your nose as it were—and that you have been specially chosen by God as one of His most influential workers in that field? I do not have to wait for your answer, since I know in advance how happy most Catholics would be at the prospect of helping to save even one soul. And believe me, dear friend, over a period of years you can easily be the instrument of ushering not merely one but dozens of souls into the eternal presence of God. Because I realize in advance how eager you are to know more about this wonderful opportunity, I will proceed immediately to give you the information you need.

A recent religious survey has proved beyond any doubt that an overwhelming majority of the American people believe in the existence of God. The great difficulty, however, lies in the various ways in which they interpret the obligations which they have of giving proper service to their Maker. Not that God has failed to reveal those obligations clearly and in detail both in the Holy Scriptures and through well-authenticated representatives whom He has chosen to help us in the fulfilment of our obligations. As might be expected, however, a great confusion arose when certain self-centered individuals began to put forth their own privately-interested and personally-colored interpretations on these well-established relationships.

THE Luther-inspired "Private Interpretation of the Bible" belief is possibly the most fertile source of this confusion. Any sensible person knows what would happen if we countenanced for a single moment private interpretation of the traffic laws, private interpretation of home and school regulations, private interpretation of football rules, private interpretation of the drug laws, etc., etc., etc.

Deep down in his or her heart every sensible creature sees the necessity of a well-defined authoritative interpretation even in those more or less passing activities of our daily existence; yet, strange to say, in the one thing that counts more than anything else in life—the eternal salvation of our souls—the principle of Private Interpretation of the Bible is allowed to have full sway in the lives of many good and sincerely God-loving people. The application of that principle has been so devastating in its results that even with the most heroic efforts to make order out of chaos there are over 300 Religious

Apostles

One of the most fertile of all missionary fields is right under your nose and you have been specially chosen by God as one of the most influential workers for this particular field

Faiths in this country teaching about everything imaginable in the matter of religion, each group justifying itself by certain specifically chosen and individually interpreted quotations from the Bible.

That situation represents the first difficulty in bringing our separated Brethren to God; especially when, in addition to their slanted scriptural interpretations, there is added also an even more slanted attitude towards God's true Church. As you know from your various associations with others, large numbers of well-meaning non-Catholics, through a wide-spread and persistent indoctrination, have been led to believe that we worship statues; refuse to acknowledge the validity of Protestant marriages; make a goddess out of the Blessed Virgin; are not allowed to read the Bible; believe that only Catholics can be saved; that Catholics pay civil obedience to the Pope; that the Pope can do no wrong, etc., etc., etc. Now every one of these charges is as untrue as to say black is white, North is South, or that Indiana is in the interior of Russia. The poison is there however, and it is often the poor unsuspecting victim that you hear repeating these charges while the real culprits keep in the background pouring out their poison, pouring our their poison.

THE chief difficulty of course is the fact that so many honest-minded, good-living Christians finally begin to accept those oft-repeated charges; and being the sincere people that they are, they more or less openly resent any effort to explain what they have been led to believe are the deceptive and unscrupulous practices of the Catholic Church. That does not mean for a moment that these people are bigoted. They are good, honest people, disliking us when they do dislike us not for any qualities which are in us personally but for the absurdities, the contradictions, the viciousness which they have been deceived into believing are a part of the religion which we practice.

In a preliminary way, how are we to deal with the most approachable representatives of this group; namely, its well-meaning but moderately an- (*Cont. on page* 22)

PIDGIN ENGLISH

MI biliv i gat wanfela God tasol i stap. Mi biliv God i save bringim ol gudfela man i go long heven, na em i save strafim ol man nogud.

MI biliv i gat trifela persona long God—God papa, God pikinini, na God spiritu santu.

MI biliv God pikinini i kam daun finish long graun hia, na i stap olsem God na man wantaim. Mi biliv disfela pikinini belong God, em oi i kolim Yesus Kristus, em i masta tru na peman belong mifela olgeda man. Em indai long kruse belong peim pekato belong mifela olgeda man; em indai belong helpim mi tu.

MI bilivim olgeda tok mifela i kisim finish long maus belong God; long wonem, God i tru olgeda, i no save giaman.

O GOD belong mi, mekim biliv belong mi i strong. O God belong mi, helpim mi baimbai mi biliv tru.

CREO en un solo Dios. Creo que Dios recompensará a los buenos y castigará a los malos.

CREO que en Dios hay tres Divinas Personas: Dios Padre, Dios Hijo y Dios Espíritu Santo.

CREO que el Hijo de Dios se hizo hombre, sin dejar de ser Dios. Creo que Él es mi Señor, y mi Salvador Jesucristo, el Redentor del mundo, que murió en la Cruz por la salvación de todos los hombres y que también murió por mí.

CREO, por la autoridad de Dios, cuanto Él ha enseñado y revelado.

¡OH DIOS MÍO! dame una fe firme. ¡Dios mío! haz que yo crea con toda mi alma.

SPANISH

Preparing the Cards for distribution

WIERZĘ w Boga jednego. Wierzę że Pan Bóg za dobre uczynki wynagradza, a za złe karze.

WIERZĘ że w Bogu są trzy Boskie Osoby—Bóg Ojciec, Bóg Syn i Bóg Duch Święty.

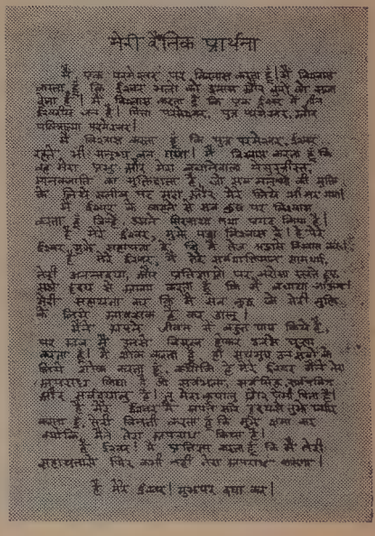
WIERZĘ że Syn Boży stał się Człowiekiem, nie przestając być Bogiem. Wierzę że On jest Jezus Chrystus, moim Panem i Zbawicielem, Odkupicielem ludzkości; który umarł na krzyżu dla zbawienia wszystkich ludzi, który umarł i za mnie.

WIERZĘ, na podstawie Boskiej powagi, we wszystko co Syn Boży nauczał i objawił.

O MÓJ BOŻE, daj mi śilną wiarę. O mój Boże, pomóż mi wierzyć żywą wiarą.

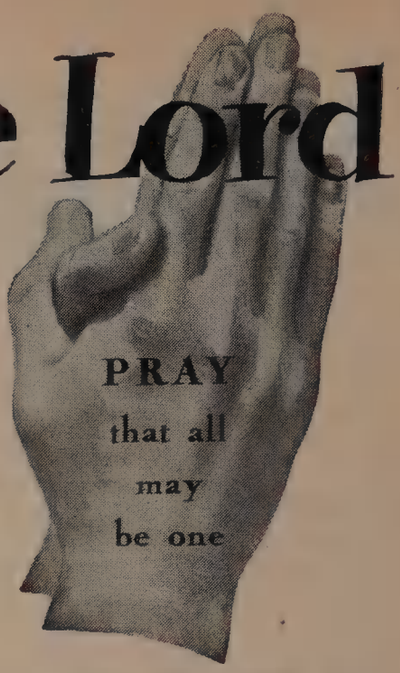
POLISH

HINDI



See back cover for details

One Faith-One Lord



January 18-25: The Octave. For the members of the Society of the Atonement the most important event of the month is the annual observance of the Chair of Unity Octave, from the feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, January 18, to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25.

We trust that all our readers will regard it as very important too and join their prayers with ours for the religious unity of the world. For us, the Octave is important because it began at Graymoor, but not for this reason alone. The Octave is immensely important by reason of its purpose: to pray that men may come to unity in the one Church founded by Christ and ruled by the Successor of St. Peter, the Holy Father. We urge you to offer prayers for Unity daily during the Octave; we encourage you to join our League of Prayer for Unity by which prayers for this great intention are offered each day of the year in all parts of the world.

If you wish additional information, write to our National Office at Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y. There are no dues and anyone joining the League will not be placed on our mailing list.

The Octave, a Personal Prayer. We are pleased to receive letters from various parts of the world concerning the Octave: from India, Baghdad, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, New Zealand, Australia, England, and many other countries. It lends a sense of the romantic to hear from far-off lands.

But we should not forget that while the bonds of the Mystical Body bind us closely together from the four corners of the earth, we have a duty of prayer and sacrifice for those at our very doors. I think it was St. Philip Neri who used to say to a companion: "Your Indies is the city of Rome." So while we support the missions in all parts of the universe, we must not be unmindful of the suffering, starving souls around us who need the Manna of the Eucharist and the truth of the gospel in order to live. Think of the lapsed Catholics —and they are in almost every family. Think of the non-Catholic, and they live about us on every side. Think of the modern pagan with no religion at all. These souls claim our charity and our prayers. Pray for them during the Octave and pray daily for their salvation. Each Catholic needs the spirit of the Good Shepherd to love and search for those who wander from the life-giving pastures of the Church.

Pope Pius XII: Be Catholic. In one of his many addresses to the faithful the Holy Father spoke on the meaning of Catholic, asserting that "to say Catholic is to say universal. Nothing is more foreign to the true disciple of Christ than the concept of caste, isolation, and withdrawal into oneself. . . . Our Lord asks from you a generosity that knows no measure, and sets before you an apostolate that covers the entire world. . . . The faith then will blossom logically into charity. The new life germinated in your souls will tend to be carried to others in such a way that they too will live it. You must transform others, not from the outside, through superficial action, but from within so that they may begin to see what you see."

Father Paul's Concept of Unity. The following passage from a retreat given by Father Paul in 1924 shows clearly his concept of Unity for his spiritual sons and daughters, the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement. "At-one-ment emphasizes the phase of unity in connection with the sacrifice of Christ upon the Cross. Fortunately there is in the Latin a word which is the exact equivalent of Atonement, although it is not ordinarily applied to the Sacrifice of Calvary, and this is *adiunare* or *adunatio*. It is a word that comes in the Canon of the Mass and is applied to that Unity among Christians which our vocation calls us to recognize as one of the particular works which God has raised up our Society to accomplish.

"We have pointed out, fundamentally in religion, our object was to be united with God, . . . but this idea of Unity must run through all our life in all its aspects: *Unity with God*, Unity with each other *to promote Unity* among the brethren and those that live in the Catholic Church; *to restore to Unity* those that have gone astray from the Fold of Peter; and *to bring into Unity* with the Mystical Body of Christ the pagans that have never come under the influence of the gospel."

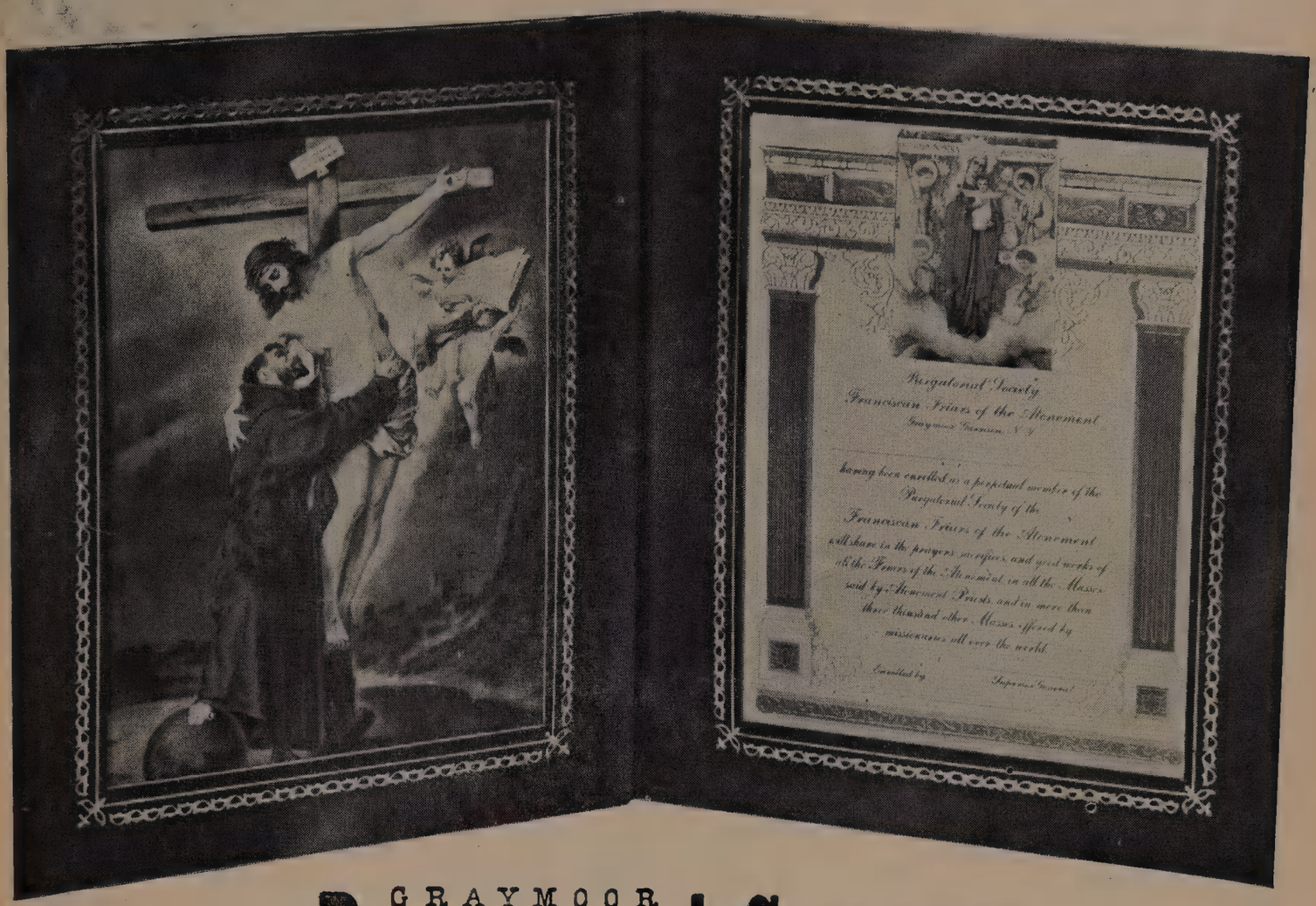
January 16. This day is the feast of the protomartyrs of the Franciscan Order who shed their blood upon the sands of Morocco in 1221. It is also the birthday anniversary of our Father Founder who came into this world in 1863, in the middle of the Civil War. He was born near Millington, Maryland, on the eastern shore.

Franciscan in Sweden. Fr. Augustine Lundin, O.F.M., formerly a practicing psychiatrist in his native land, was recently ordained and hopes to return to labor for the Church. In an interview given to the Vatican weekly magazine, *Osservatore della Domenica*, Fr. Augustine gave his story in these words: "I was attracted by the kindness and perfection of the Lord, and yet I felt an inner force which blocked the way to this kindness and kept me away from what I believed to be God's will. I sought hope from my own religion in order to fulfill my aspirations, but I did not secure what I wanted there."

After he tried to satisfy his religious desires in Buddhism and met with failure, he followed the advice of a friend to go to San Damiano in Assisi for a rest. Then his conversion took place. "One night," he said, "after I had prayed a long time before the Byzantine Christ (form of crucifix) which had spoken to St. Francis, I felt that I had found what I had been seeking for years. I then understood that the atmosphere of serenity, peace, and purity which reigned at San Damiano could come only from the possession of truth."

But he waited a year, returned to his professional practice in Stockholm, and studied the Bible and the Catholic faith with the help of a Dominican priest. At last convinced, he returned to Assisi where he was received into the Church by the bishop of Assisi. He remained there to study for the priesthood which he received only a few months ago. If Fr. Augustine is assigned to Sweden, he will be the first Franciscan friar to work there in modern times. †

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labors. For their works follow them


Purgatorial Society
Franciscan Friars of the Atonement
Graymoor Garrison, N. Y.
having been enrolled as a perpetual member of the
Purgatorial Society of the
Franciscan Friars of the Atonement
will share in the prayers, merits and good works of
all the Friars of the Atonement, in all the Masses
said by Atonement Priests, and in more than
three thousand other Masses offered by
missionaries all over the world.

GRAYMOOR
Purgatorial Society

An ideal way in which to help your beloved dead is by enrolling them in the Graymoor Purgatorial Society. The living may also be enrolled and participate in the spiritual benefits during life and after death. These benefits are: Remembrance in 6,000 masses offered yearly for the Purgatorial members and a remembrance in 30,000 other masses, also in the prayers and the spiritual work of the Friars

PURGATORIAL SOCIETY
Franciscan Friars of the Atonement. Graymoor, Garrison. New York

Full payment $_____ Partial payment $_____

Dear Father: Enclosed please find enrollment as I have indicated below:

_____ Living
Single membership $5.00 Deceased

Send to_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

_____
Family membership—Living and Deceased—$25.00

Enrolled by_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

See back cover for details

Graymoor Annals

MONTOUR FALLS

On december 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Father Alban Carroll, S.A. sang the Solemn High Mass in the Students' Chapel and delivered a beautiful and inspiring sermon on Mary, the Mother of God. The Schola under the direction of Father Romanus Dunne, S.A. sang the Proper and more difficult parts of the Mass. The entire ceremony was a fitting outward sign of praise for the Patroness of the United States. In the evening we had a Music Appreciation Program, followed by a Holy Hour under the direction of Father De Sales, S.A.

To commemorate Foundation Day, December 15, Father Romanus sang a High Mass. This feast is close to the hearts of all the Friars, students and friends of Graymoor for it recalls the day in 1898 when Mother Lurana arrived at Graymoor to make the foundation of the Society of the Atonement, long a dream of Father Paul and Mother Lurana. Fifty-eight years ago on December 15, their dream became a reality and from those humble beginnings the Society of the Atonement has grown into the worldwide religious order that it is. In this present day the Society is reaping the rich harvest originally planted by Father Paul and Mother Lurana more than a half century ago.

A few weeks before departure for the Christmas vacation, the first issue of *The Montourian* for this year rolled off the presses at Montour. *The Montourian,* a literary magazine published by our students has as its purpose to develop in the student a facility in writing, whether in prose or poetry. Father De Sales Standerwick, S.A. is the moderator of *The Montourian.* Danny O'Shea of Brooklyn, N. Y. serves as editor, assisted by John Nava of St. Louis, Mo. and Ed Houghton of New Brunswick, N. J. Various other college students staff *The Montourian* as typists, proofreaders, writers, etc.

The counterpart of *The Montourian* is *The Quill,* a high school publication also under the moderation of Father De Sales. It is edited by Joseph Gagen of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. who serves as editor and sees that the wheels of operation run smoothly. He is assisted by Richard Trappe, who is also from Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

If anyone would like to receive a copy of *Key Notes,* the publication of the Chair of Unity League here at St. Pius X, it would be greatly appreciated if they would send in their name and address so that they can be put down on the mailing list. Gene Prus, editor of *Key Notes,* reports that many of the people who are now receiving *Key Notes* attest to the genuine worth of this publication put out by the members of the C.U.L. For further information, write to

Key Notes
St. Pius X Seminary
Montour Falls, New York

On the 19th of december, the night before departure, the students had their annual Christmas Gaudeamus. Some of the highlights of the evening were a dramatic reading by Denis Walsh, French Christmas carols sung by the French class under the direction of Father Alban, English carols under the direction of Father Romanus and a one-act play under the direction of Father De Sales. Entitled "Salt for Savor" by Percival Wilde, the play included such High School members as Dominic Buonocore, Dick Trapp, Joe Gagen and Jimmy Lonergan. The entire production set everyone in good spirits in preparation for departure the next day. After the fun in the gym, there was a party over in the refectory, complete with Santa Claus.

Early in the morning of December 20th, the students of St. Pius X and St. John's departed for their Christmas vacations at home with their families. For those in the Second year College this will be their last Christmas home for a while to come. After an enjoyable holiday and rest, they will return on January 7th to resume their studies.

GRAYMOOR IN JAPAN

Fr. pacificus von essen, s.a. writes us:

"Recently, I gave a Day of Recollection at an English speaking school in Yokohama and had a boy ask me 'Why were miracles performed only while Christ was on earth and not today? They would be a big help to the faith of the people.'

"The question really wasn't difficult to answer. The fact is that miracles are happening today. Miracles,

just as great and wonderful, as those wrought when Christ walked the dusty roads of Jerusalem. The only difference being that today many of the miracles are miracles of grace. One particular miracle which happened right here in our Mission Territory, came to my mind as I was talking to the boy.

"An *obaasan* (Japanese word for 'grandmother') had been taken to one of the hospitals of Kawaski where Graymoor has one of its six Mission parishes. The woman was in a critical condition. She herself was pagan although all her children were Catholic, parishioners of St. Clare's, our church in Kawaski. When the children realized the serious condition of their mother, they entreated Fr. Joseph Newell, S.A., Pastor, to go and visit the dying woman and perhaps baptize her. They themselves had tried to convince their mother of the merit in receiving the sacrament, but she was steadfast in refusing to be baptized. I suppose she thought that she had been Buddhist all her life and so was quite satisfied to die in the religion of her ancestors.

"Well, when Father Joseph learned of the dying *obaasan* he realized the wonderful opportunity of perhaps adding another soul to the Kingdom of Heaven. He began visiting the woman regularly. She was lonesome and appreciated Father's cheerful visits. Though she was friendly, the *obaasan* would become indifferent at the mention of religion, sometimes even turn-

ing her face to the wall. Once Father Joseph offered her a first class relic of St. Pius X and another of the priests offered her the Green Scapular, but she wanted neither, refusing even to hear about these instruments of grace.

"Father Joseph did not press the matter of religion but kept his visits on social level, at least as far as the *obaasan* was aware. He did have the Green Scapular tied to the back of her bed, however, and the relic of St. Pius placed in a part of the bed unknown to her. With Our Lady and St. Pius X working, there was no doubt in Father Joseph's mind that the *obaasan* would eventually want to be baptized.

"The visits continued every day and soon days became weeks and a whole month had slipped by. The woman grew weaker and weaker. Although still refusing Baptism, the *obaasan* did let Father Joseph place a crucifix now near her bed to look at. The children were growing anxious and urged Father Joseph to baptize their mother, but since she had refused the sacrament, Father could not possibly administer it. He instructed the nurses, however, to be sure to summon him when it was evident that the woman was dying.

"Then one night at two A.M. the phone of the Mission rang. The *obaasan* was dying. Quickly Father Joseph rushed through the sleeping streets of Kawaski. When he reached the hospital, the *obaasan* was still living. Of herself, she asked for the sacrament of Baptism. She died a Catholic.

"Isn't it strange that miracles such as these, although true, leave us quite cold? They do not move us the same way that the cure of some withered limb might. And still, the change that took place in that *obaasan's* soul is something just as great if not greater than a broken arm being made instantly whole. A woman determined not to be baptized, finally asks for the sacrament! By no means has the age of miracles ended, I told the boy. They are as real and as wonderful today as when Christ walked with us. The sad part is however that many of us still occasion Christ's complaint of 1900 years ago.'There are none so blind as those who will not see.'"

THE MOTHERHOUSE

FR. SIMEON HEINE, S.A., Fr. Xavier Butler, S.A., and Fr. Ronald McGovern, S.A., make up our Vocation Department. Most of the time they spend on the road going from school to school and from parish to parish explaining our life and work to boys and young men in Grammar School, High School and College. They are continually seeking recruits for the Friars of the Atonement as aspirants for the priesthood or the lay brotherhood.

About a year ago they embarked upon a project to help them in their work. They obtained a professional film producer, Frank Bear, head of the Frank Bear Film Company, to make a color film to tell "The Graymoor Story."

In company with Father Simeon, the Head of the Department, Mr. Bear travelled to all of our houses in the United States, taking thousands of feet of film. He went to our Preparatory Seminary at Montour Falls, our Novitiate at Valley Falls, R.I., our House of Philosophy at Saranac Lake, and our Major Seminary in Washington, D.C., to show in picture and

Fr. Joseph Newell, S.A.

tell in commentary exactly how our young men are trained for the various tasks they will perform as priests or as lay brothers.

He took pictures at Graymoor to show our life at the Motherhouse, St. Christopher's Inn and the Ave Maria Hour.

He went to New York and to Washington, D.C. for the services of the Chair of Unity Octave at the Cathedral and the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. He visited our missions in North Carolina to show our work among the Negroes. He went to Texas to take pictures of the hospital that Fr. Raymond Gillis, S.A., built with his own hands for the Mexican migrant workers. He travelled through our missions in British Columbia to show what Fr. Bernard Foley, S.A. is doing among the salmon fishermen, and what Fr. Leon Kotsko, S.A. is doing as Port Chaplain of Vancouver along the docks. Mr. Bear took some beautiful shots of Fr. Roy McIsaac, S.A. among the Sushwap and Kootenay Indians, and of our other missionaries in Canada among the widely scattered Catholics in the area.

One of the most important features of the film will be to bring out the spirit of the Graymoor Friars as begun and exemplified by our great Founder, Father Paul.

The film should be ready about six weeks or two months after you read this and it will be available for showing in schools, churches, and interested Catholic Clubs and social groups.

It is 16mm film, in color, and should run about 30 minutes.

If you would like to have further information on "The Graymoor Story" write to:

Director of Vocations
Graymoor, Garrison,
New York

VALLEY FALLS

TO MAKE WAY for the inauguration of Training School for our lay brothers 94 proud plump turkeys gave up not only their happy home but even their very lives. From the time they were little chicks up until very recently they had been living a pampered life, coddled during illness, deferred to in health. But no more. Now what remains of the 94 after the Christmas dinner, lie side by side in cold splendor on the shelves of the Deep Freeze.

The barn behind Our Lady of the Atonement Novitiate has been taken over for the training school. It is being remodelled to provide class and work rooms for carpentry, plumbing, electricity, cooking, tailoring, typing and secretarial training. Teachers from the Providence and Woonsocket area nearby will provide the instruction. We have high hopes that this training will bear much fruit.

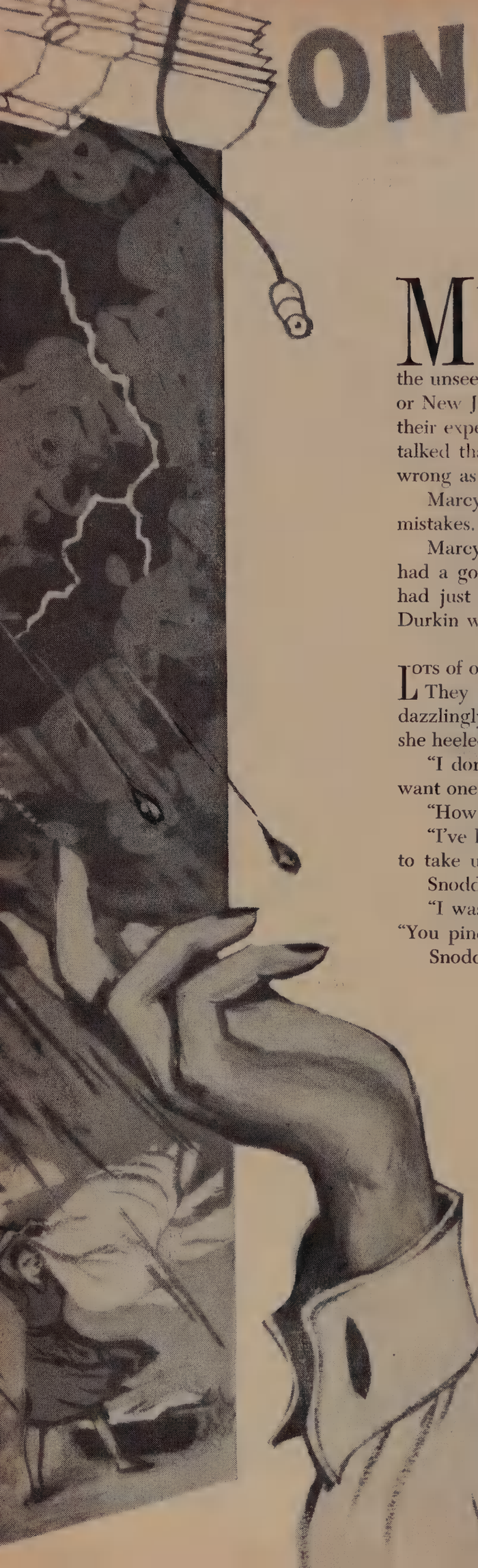
At Graymoor our Farm is perking along. Our hens are laying well, supplying us with all the fresh eggs we need. Even during the year eggs are quite an item in our food requirements. Since we regularly abstain from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, in addition to Fridays, we use more eggs than is usual. During Lent when we abstain a bit more, the number of eggs we need goes up. Fortunately the hens seem to lay better during that time.

Our pigs are grunting away in happy contentment. While they live they take care of our garbage and when they get to the proper size and succulency they supply us with hams and bacon and loins and sausages. †

See back cover for details

ONE FOR THE

by FLORENCE CHRISTIAN



MARCELLA McAndrews turned the television set on to get the latest weather report, not that she really had to know any more, but because she simply loved to hear Durkin give forth with the details, his big brown eyes looking trustingly over his shoulder at the unseen audience, while he indicated states like New York, Ohio, Illinois or New Jersey with his big long pointer and said devastating things about their expectations. His bee-stung lower lip protruded so tantalizingly as he talked that Marcella fairly curled up with pleasure at the sight of him, wrong as he so often turned out to be.

Marcy McAndrews, like practically everyone else, only counted Durkin's mistakes. She never, never chalked one up for him when he was right!

Marcy reviewed what she knew about Durkin. He wasn't married. He had a good steady job misinterpreting the weather, and even though she had just managed to be passing the television station once or twice as Durkin was coming out, he hadn't given her a second glance.

LOTS of other men looked twice at Marcella, and third and fourth times too. They wolf-called and she ignored them. Snoddy said Marcy looked dazzlingly beautiful and alluring until the wolves started gathering and then she heeled away like a scared bunny.

"I don't want a wolf pack," Marcy told him over her side fence. "I just want one man to marry."

"How about me?" Snoddy asked.

"I've known you too long," Marcy pointed out, "since our mothers used to take us riding in the same baby buggy."

Snoddy frowned. "What's that got to do with it?"

"I wasn't in love with you then and I'm still not!" Marcy informed him. "You pinched!"

Snoddy chuckled suddenly. "Just thought I'd help (*Cont. on page* 20)

Everyone certainly remembers it perfectly

when the weatherman is wrong, but who

pays attention when he's right

WEATHERMAN

One for the Weatherman

Continued from page 18

you solve your marital problems," he said. "I've stopped pinching, so maybe you'd like to go to dinner with me."

"Not tonight, Snoddy," Marcy murmured. "Some other time, Buddy."

Snoddy shrugged his shoulders and disappeared into his next-door house. Snoddy was short for George Snodgras and really, he was quite handsome, tall enough, broad shouldered and with nice blue eyes and black hair. Marcy had blue eyes and black hair herself, however. She supposed that was why she didn't fall in love with Snoddy. She had known him so long and they were so much alike he was like a twin brother or a kissing cousin, at least.

The important thing was not Snodgras! It was how to get Durkin out of that saddle in which he rode so high, get him down to grass level, Marcy McAndrew's level. She had tried to meet—

A sharp clap of thunder, preceded by a blinding flash, sent Marcy loping for shelter. Midway she paused. Her clothes, on the line—would get wet! Drops as large as walnuts on the half shell flapped her in the face and made dimples in the grass beyond the paved brick terrace. She started for the circular line whipping in a colorful merry-go-round. Another flash-crash stopped her! Let the clothing get soaked! The battlefield was no place for a coward!

Safely inside the house, Marcy warmed up to a fast boil! He'd done it again! Durkin had gotten her clothes all wet! He had promised a sunny, warm day or she would never have hung the things out!

This wasn't the first time Durkin had fouled matters up for Marcy either. There was that long planned for weekend with Snoddy, his folks, Marcy's Aunt Lill and the Crosby twins and their parents. They had all gotten time off from their jobs at noon Friday. They had bought fishing licenses. They had made reservations at Indian Lake Lodge and then, then, Durkin had forecast one of the worst downpours in the area's history. Durkin had said the roads were going to turn into impassable goo. The older heads had gotten together. There would be no fishing in a hurricane, no boating with no line of demarcation between lake and sky. So what had happened? A perfect weekend had happened, that was what! And the only people who had enjoyed it were the ones who hadn't been scared off by that bogeyman of a weather forecaster!

Marcella reached for the phone! She dialed the weather bureau furiously! She asked for Mr. Durkin—Mr. Daniel Durkin, that alliterated aerometer addict.

Somebody laughed and put Durkin on.

"This is Marcella McAndrews," Marcy said hotly. "I did my washing this morning and hung lines and lines of it out to dry precisely because you said we would have sunny weather. Look out the window, will you! Look at those sloppy sunbeams!"

"I'm sorry!" Durkin said crisply, "but an unexpected low pressure area brought about the current damp—"

"Damp!" Marcy taunted. "Damp, the man says! It's pouring buckets, Durkin! It's simply pouring buckets!"

She hung up then and sat down like a depleted splash of rain. Now

what had she done? She had told him her name and given him a piece of her mind. She hadn't done herself a bit of good with Durkin, but a glow of contrary satisfaction sparked and burned merrily. At least she had made contact and she was still thrilled with the impact of his voice. "Oh Durkin, Durkin!" Marcy sighed. "I'm falling in love with you, Durkin! In fact, I've fallen!"

For several days Marcy waited for the phone to ring. Surely her voice had reached Durkin too. Surely this couldn't be all one-sided. She wanted to give him two turtle doves, two golden apples, two blood-red rubies, two matched palominos and two golden wedding bands, so there would be one of each for Durkin, bless him, and one left over for her!

Oh, it was a terrible thing to be in love with a picture on a screen! There was a compulsion about Marcy, wrought entirely out of her agonizing frustrations. She had to be in touch with Durkin, if only to heckle him about the weather!

If Durkin predicted light, westerly breezes with velocities up to 12 miles per hour, Marcy put out her wind sock and let him know if a gust blew in from the east. If Durkin forecast general high cloudiness, and sunbeams hung in bright festoons from every leaf and bathed the patio with gold from a clear blue sky, Marcy phoned him jubilantly.

"I hate you!" Durkin told her passionately one gloomy, cloud-draped day on which he had predicted clear skies. "I detest, abhor and abominate you and all your kind!"

"And I hate you too!" Marcy assured him through clenched teeth. "I loathe and despise you. I also reject your idiotic weather reports!"

"I'm right 95 percent of the time!" Durkin raged. "Now let me tell you something, whatever your name is, the—"

"My name is Marcella McAndrews!" Marcy raged back.

"All right!" Durkin snapped. "We're going to have a flood this afternoon, a real one, a cloudburst, and I hope it washes you and your clothes lines and your house and all your planned picnics right down the arroyo to the Santa Cruz, to the Gila, to the Colorado and into the ocean! That's what I hope!"

Marcy hung up with a bang and went outside to look at the skies. Big, white fluffy clouds hung low over the purple mountains like big servings of vanilla ice cream. Far to the southwest some of them had turned an innocent gray-blue.

She looked at the clouds and she looked at Arroyo Chico, standing serene and dusty, with its banks supporting a harvest of lucious red and white oleanders. Snoddy came grinding out of the adjacent driveway in the family car, saw her glowering and stopped to check.

"Durkin says it's going to rain buckets and frogs," Marcy told him, still frowning. Snoddy surveyed the mountains and the valley.

"I predict a light spatter of rain," he said solemnly, "with plenty of dust devils to spice it. My guess is as good as his!"

"I predict a scorching, bone-dry afternoon," Marcy stated vehemently.

"Want to go to the library with me?" Snoddy asked. "I have to take Mom's books back. The ride will cool you off."

"No! Marcy answered emphatically. "I'm going to wait this storm warning out and then I'm going to call Durkin and really finish him off."

"How about going dancing this P.M.?" Snoddy persisted. "Rain-danc-

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

ing maybe, with Indian feathers in our hair?"

"That's what I'll tell him," Marcy crooned. "I'll tell him to go do a rain dance! I'll tell him I'm sending him some turkey feathers to wear in his hair!" She laughed and laughed and Snoddy, shrugging his shoulders, started for the car.

"If you don't watch yourself, Marcy McAndrews," Snoddy remarked, "you're going to get older and older heckling that square and the first thing you know you'll be glad to marry me or anyone else who will ask you."

"I'm not marrying anyone but one," Marcy remarked, "the one I want."

"If it's him, and it is," Snoddy assured her, "I'll lay you ten to one you don't get him!"

"Shove off and leave me to my dreams," Marcy answered.

Snoddy hadn't gone 25 minutes before the cloud banks to the north, the south, the east and the west converged. In no time at all they blue-blacked the whole sky and in broad daylight Marcy had to turn the house light on so she could see to walk from room to room. Lightning flashed, thunder roared and the bucket turned upside down. It couldn't have been any wetter under Niagara Falls. The blanket of rain was so thick nobody was pushing through it.

Marcy wondered vaguely whether Soddy had made it back from the library before the deluge. She couldn't see his garage for the waterfall. Well, for once, Durkin had been right. It certainly was raining buckets and buckets. It was a water spout, a cloudburst, the beginning of the monsoons.

Marcy decided to step into the covered patio to take a better look at the onslaught. The patio was a step down, and plop, Marcy was over her delicate sandals in muddy water. Retreating up the step, she was horrified to find the water level even with the floor of her house and rising so rapidly that already little rivulets of chocolate-colored rain water were starting to trickle inside.

Hastily, Marcy started flinging rugs, chairs, chests, and anything else she could lift on top of beds, chests of drawers and sofas. Then she realized she should also pile the sofas, beds and heavier bits of furniture on top of something too, to save them. It became a game of eeny-meeny-miney-moe, I'll save this and let this go!

In the clothes closets, Marcy doubled her dresses and suits over their hangers, lifting them high off the floor, which was now aswim with muddy water.

She studied the television set. She

Continued on page 22

See back cover for details

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One for the Weatherman

Continued from page 21

couldn't lift it, so let it get ruined! She wanted a new color set anyhow, the better to get Durkin in color!

She didn't hear a car coming. She couldn't hear anything but the roar of Arroyo Chico until the bells chimed. Wading barefooted through her living room pool she opened the door to a young man, whom she did not recognize immediately, not having seen him oftener than once or twice in anything but black and white.

"Durkin!" Marcy gasped, her blue eyes wide. Then she just stood there, gaping.

"Yes!" he put in. "It's Durkin! And it's raining! It's raining buckets and I'm glad! I'm glad Arroyo Chico is full to overflowing! I'm glad your yard is full of water! I'm glad your house is full of water!"

Marcy had had it! She burst promptly into tears. "You're a—s-stinking meany!" she sobbed. "Everything's—getting ruined! Everything!"

She fell into a chair which had been too heavy to lift on top of anything else, besides which there was nothing else left to stack it on. She buried her face in her hands, and immediately Durkin was beside her, his big hands clumsy but his voice soft and filled with distress. "I'm sorry!" Durkin said, "Really sorry. I—didn't picture you being—well such a pretty girl, and even if you weren't, I didn't have to be so nasty about being right!"

"How did you—picture me?" Marcy asked, curiosity drying her tears.

"Fortyish," Durkin obliged, "with a sharp tongue and claw hammer hands."

Marcy considered Durkin morosely, but a sudden warmth swept her in spite of it. Oh wasn't he handsome in technicolor? Wasn't he simply superb, even when he was standing there insulting her?

"Why did you do it?" Durkin demanded.

"If I hadn't, would you be here?" Marcy asked. "I wanted to meet you, that's why."

Durkin arched his darkish brows. "That much makes sense," he admitted and then he said, "Come on, let's get busy. I'll help you bail out."

Really, it didn't do much good, because Arroyo Chico was pouring in faster than they could pour it out, but it was comforting and exciting to have Durkin there beside her rearranging stacked furniture, his pants legs rolled to the knees, his shoes and socks resting cozily on top of the television set.

Durkin was bucketing the dinette while Marcy bailed out the kitchen when Snoddy pushed open the front door, colorful as a canary, in tangerine trunks, his brown muscles bulging. Durkin was sloppy-wet by now and tired besides, if he was one-tenth as tired as Marcy. Snoddy intruded further and gave the situation the old one-two. He arranged a deadpan expression on face and in eyes:

"Who's the creep in the circus-clown regalia? he asked, with all the cordiality of a game warden apprehending a violater.

Durkin lifted up with a pail of fresh flood water and let fly all over Snoddy's biceps and the tangerine trunks. Snoddy clawed muddy water out of his blue eyes and then came at Durkin head down and bellowing. The weatherman met Snoddy midway of the dining-kitchen area. The splash when Snoddy hit water level threw a vast sheet of Arroyo Chico on either side of his fallen body. He arose drippily, landed one and catapulted Durkin to the flat of his back in the same muddy stream with the same double spray action taking further toll of furniture and walls.

Durkin's water-logged business suit turned the fight in Snoddy's favor. With a gleam of triumph he put his bare foot on Durkin's muddy chest, and took a parting shot at Marcy. "It's him or me!" Snoddy remarked inelegantly, and out he slopped.

Durkin dragged his weighted body out of the little river which had been a nice, clean home. "As soon as I can get into some fighting clothes," he said, his lower lip protruding, "I'm going to punch that guy's head in!"

Tears rolled down Marcy's mud-spattered face. "I'll—never see him again!" she complained. "I can't remember when—Snoddy w-wasn't standing by, and now—now he's g-g-gone!"

"I don't know what you're bawling about!" Durkin snapped, and with that he dragged himself out the front door too, leaving Marcy in a mess of dirty water and general ruin—Durkin gone, Snoddy gone and the place a wreck.

Half an hour later Durkin came back in track shorts and a T shirt. "I couldn't stand the thought of you trying to clean all this up by yourself," he said.

It had stopped raining and Arroyo Chico was taking back its own. Durkin washed the worst of the residue out with the garden hose. Then he and Marcy started sponging and mopping up the balance.

It took hours and they didn't talk. They didn't talk when the mopping was as well done as could be expected, but Durkin gathered Marcy into his strong, weatherman's arms and kissed her real hard. Then he gave her a little shove and left without saying he would ever be back. With Durkin there was no way of telling. She might just be another episode in the afternoon of this fawn.

Two months later the phone rang insistently and Marcy answered it. For a long while she just listened and listened and then her eyes blazed. "The trouble with you people," she raged, "is that you are utterly unappreciative. Do you call up and congratulate him the 95 percent of the time he is right? No, of course you don't! It's only when he makes a little bit of a mistake that you light into him like a swarm of wild bees! Goodbye!"

She hung up and started dusting a shining new color television set—hers—and a shining new platform rocker—his! That had been rather a young sounding female voice, but if it was some new girl making a play for Durkin, she was too, too late! Marcy already had him! †

Neighborhood Apostles

Continued from page 13

tagonistic members. Well, first of all and without any let-up, there should be prayer and example supplemented by a willingness to help during every possible need of their daily lives. Then, whenever opportunity offers or if you are actually asked, a kind and purposely non-aggressive explanation of just why we hold the particular belief in question. It just happens that the writer has produced a booklet designed for this very purpose. It is called "The Catholic's Ready Reply" and contains down-to-earth answers to the 39 questions which our people are most frequently asked. The use of such a booklet, supplemented by those comparatively non-aggressive Christian attitudes already recommended will have a distinctly mellowing influence, the first tiny step in many cases to what later on may be an actual conversion. That method of dealing with the comparatively non-bigoted is one field of opportunity in which every Catholic can participate with magnificent results in the matter of possible future conversions.

There is another much more difficult but remarkably fruitful group of souls which deserves our praverful attention. Members of that group are frequently called the "Impossibles" because of the somewhat defiant attitude which they take at the mere suggestion of anything Catholic. These people, it might be said, are equally as honest and as pious-living as their more tolerant neighbors—often even more so, their belligerency being the natural reaction of their honest and

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truth-loving souls to the deception which they have been led to believe is a part of the Catholic Church and its adherents. The difficulty is to get by their honest but mistaken prejudices long enough at least to direct their basically sincere religious beliefs into a channel leading directly to God. Happily a very effective method has been devised under the title, "Apostolate to Assist Dying Non-Catholics"—although in reality it can be applied to living non-Catholics as well.

To begin with, the reason back of this particular Apostolate is the fact that while many of our separated Brethren cannot at present be brought to see the obligation of coming to God through the regularly established channels of His Church, they do nevertheless hold out their arms to Him in the yearning of their hearts and minds. And God, as we know, never turns His back upon people with such dispositions. There is the coldly realistic difficulty, however, that most of these hard-to-approach people have never been baptized or have been baptized under conditions which throw grave doubts upon the validity of their baptism—a situation which looks rather difficult in view of Christ's own clearly expressed warning that "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

It is that apparently impossible situation which the Apostolate referred to has been developed to meet. A short explanation will make the legitimacy of this Apostolate clear. As every well-informed Catholic knows from Catechism days, the Church as God's chosen instrument in leading us to salvation recognizes three forms of Baptism: 1. Baptism of Water as most of us have received it, the ordinary and normal way of removing original sin and making us heirs of heaven. 2. Baptism of Blood where one hitherto unbaptized willingly suffers death for the Faith of Jesus Christ. 3. Baptism of Desire when a person loves God above all things and desires to do everything necessary for his own salvation. The sincerity of that desire implicitly includes the desire for Baptism, God in that case taking the will for the deed and granting sanctifying grace. It should be understood, however, that Baptism of water must still be supplied if the person concerned comes to a proper knowledge of that need later on.

It is that final situation which furnishes the basis for the particular Apostolate which we are now considering—an Apostolate which in large part owes its origin and development

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By the Light of the Lamp

ABSTINENCE . . . I have several questions on the obligation of abstaining from meat on Friday.

1. Would I commit a sin if I were to allow my children under 7 years of age to eat meat on Friday?

2. Is it wrong to use hog lard on Friday?

3. Would it be a sin to eat food, for instance bread or cheese, that has come into contact with meat?

1. Since the law of abstinence binds only those who are 7 years of age and older, it is no violation of the law and consequently no sin at all to feed a child of less than 7 years of age meat on Friday.

2. You may use rendered hog lard on Fridays to prepare food and even, if you so desire, you may use it as a spread on bread. You could also use gelatin.

3. The law of abstinence prohibits the eating of meat on Friday, not the eating of other food which may have touched meat. For instance, suppose forgetting that it was Friday, you were to make yourself a ham sandwich, and just before putting it into your mouth you were to remember that it was Friday. You could take the ham from between the two pieces of bread and then eat the bread.

ANNULMENT . . . If, after having been married for a couple of months, one discovers that her husband is the father of an illegitimate baby, would this be sufficient reason for an annulment in the eyes of the Church?

Many Catholics as well as non-Catholics are mistaken in their notion concerning just what an annulment is. Many people think that an annulment is a document by which a valid marriage is rendered null and void.

Actually it isn't that at all. An annulment is a decision by the competent ecclesiastical authority that what was considered a valid or true marriage was not in fact a valid marriage because of an impediment which prevented it. In other words, an annulment, or a declaration of nullity, declares that no real marriage took place even though people went through a ceremony.

The fact that a man had an illegitimate baby before the wedding ceremony is in itself no impediment to a valid marriage. The marriage that you mention therefore is valid. Since this is so no annulment is possible.

TRADITION . . . The following question was sent in to us: "Please supply scriptural proof for the Assumption of Mary other than in the Old or New Testament (or the original Greek) or that she was to be considered on an equal with Christ. Where in the Bible are we directed to pray to Mary"?

Your questioner forgets—or does not know—that our faith is based not on the Bible alone but on the Bible and tradition. Tradition is the oral handing down of information, doctrines, and practices, through successive generations. Christian tradition means the handing down from mouth to mouth of truths which have been revealed by God but which are not explicitly stated in Holy Scripture.

So far as I know there is no scriptural proof for the Assumption of Mary. That doctrine rests on tradition, and if there were scriptural proof it would have to be either in the Old or the New Testament because the Old and the New Testament make up the Bible or Scripture.

No one can supply scriptural proof or traditional proof that Mary was to be considered an equal with Christ. Mary is definitely not an equal with Christ. Christ is God: Mary is His creature. And though she is the greatest of creatures, there is an infinite chasm between God, the Creator, and Mary, the creature. Your questioner seems to imply that the Church teaches that Mary is to be considered the equal of God. As you know, the Church does not teach this, never has taught this, and never could teach this because it is just not true.

There is no place in the Bible where we are directed to pray to Mary. This practice is based on tradition. The Apostles prayed to her, the early Christians prayed to her, and the Church has always prayed to her. That is why we pray to her today.

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Neighborhood Apostles

Continued from page 23

to the late Monsignor Markham of the Cincinnati diocese. Because of his sympathetic knowledge of the Church's teaching concerning Baptism of Desire and his experience in dealing with some of those antagonistic but basically religious non-Catholic Brethren of ours, he conceived the idea of supplying a prayer which would not only include the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church but at the same time give expression to the instinctive aspiration of all sincerely religious non-Catholics no matter what their denomination. Here is that prayer for the sake of those who have not yet seen it:

I BELIEVE in one God. I believe that God rewards the good, and punishes the wicked.

I BELIEVE that in God there are three Divine persons—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

I BELIEVE that God the Son became Man, without ceasing to be God. I believe that He is my Lord and my Saviour Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the human race, Who died on the Cross for the salvation of all men, Who died also for me.

I BELIEVE, on God's authority, everything that He has taught and revealed.

O MY GOD, give me strong Faith. O my God, help me to believe with lively faith.

O MY GOD, relying on Thy almighty power and infinite mercy and promises, I sincerely hope to be saved. Help me to do all that is necessary for my salvation.

I HAVE committed many sins in my life, but now I turn away from them, and hate them. I am sorry for all of them, because I have offended Thee, my God, Who art all-good, all-perfect, all-holy, all-merciful—my kind and loving Father.

I LOVE Thee, O my God, with all my heart. Forgive me, I implore Thee, for having offended Thee.

I PROMISE, O God, that with Thy help I will never offend thee again.

MY GOD, HAVE MERCY ON ME.

You will notice in reading the above prayer that it contains an act of Faith in the fundamental teachings of Christ, an act of Hope, Love, and Perfect Contrition for all sins committed, a plea for the Mercy of God, plus an act of Desire for all that is necessary for salvation—a combination which in the mind of the Church is equivalent to that Baptism of Desire which is supposed in itself to open the gates of Heaven to an unbaptized soul who, on account of circumstances, is unable to receive the regularly established Baptism of Water.

In the designing of this card, Father Markham and his associates have been as practical as they have been zealous. Knowing the sensitiveness of many non-Catholic minds to anything Catholic, permission was requested and granted to omit from their prayers any actual printing of the Imprimatur as authoritatively given. For the same reason everything of a distinctive religious nature has been removed from the decorative features of the card which, nevertheless are so artistically done as to guarantee the prayer from being easily thrown away. In other words, there is nothing on the card of a religious nature to distract the reader from those basic beliefs which all sincerely religious souls have in their heart of hearts, even though distorted at times by various misunderstandings.

As an indication of how enthusiastically this particular prayer has been received, it might be mentioned that letters of approval have been received from practically all the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States as well as from many Bishops of Canada and England and other parts of the world. The sample in English, as given above, may suggest perhaps that only English speaking people are proper subjects of this Apostolate. It happens however that so widespread has been the demand for this prayer that to fill that demand it has been printed in Armenian, Bohemian, Chinese, Chamorro, Croatian, Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Greek, Hindi, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Pidgin English, Rumanian, Russian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish, Swedish, Tagalog, Ukrainian, Visayan and Braille for the blind.

So wherever you are or whatever the nationality of the one you are interested in, there is ordinarily no difficulty in the prayer-card problem. If therefore you have a well-meaning non-Catholic friend who for some reason cannot be brought into the Faith through the regular method of instruction and Baptism, you can help to bring that soul to Christ by presenting him or her with one of these cards with the request to recite the prayers thereon at least once a day. If the person happens to be too sick to comply, you can actually read it yourself with the request that he or she follow your words with his or her mind and heart. In doing so you need not mention anything about the purpose of your action—in fact you generally should not. Simply explain how completely the prayer covers the spiritual needs of the soul, how powerful it is in its appeal to God—and then request its fervent daily recitation if that is at all possible.

If your friend happens to be suffering from some serious ailment as we have already mentioned, you can be reasonably certain that by means of that prayer the gates of Heaven will be open through the Baptism of Desire. If your friend happens to be in fair or perfect health and destined to remain so for a long time, that recital may bring to a groping soul the light which may mean the actual entrance into God's holy Church. In any case, even if nothing comes of your effort, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have made the actual effort to save an immortal soul.

In other words, you have done your part towards bringing a soul to God, and God will reward your efforts no matter whether that soul enters Heaven or not. But of this you can be assured: If you make the effort whenever the opportunity occurs, not only one but many souls will be saved as a result of your efforts. Just think what a reward you will receive for having actually saved souls for Christ. To win that reward some of the greatest Saints have spent their entire lives in penance, some of them even undergoing martyrdom for the opportunity. Yet, you can save souls so easily and in considerable numbers simply by distributing these prayer cards in a tactful, understanding way.

For further information on the work of the Apostolate, write to

Markham Prayer Card Apostolate
60 Compton Rd.
Cincinnati 15, Ohio.

Remember, the actual work of the Apostolate is comparatively easy; the opportunities are all around you; and, as I mentioned back in the first paragraph, "over a period of years you can be the instrument of ushering not merely one but dozens of souls into the eternal presence of God." †

Cardinal Manning's Journey

Continued from page 11

this way: "What right have you to be teaching, admonishing, reforming, rebuking others? By what authority do you lift the latch of a poor man's door and enter and sit down and begin to instruct or correct him? . . . If I was not a messenger sent from God, I was an intruder and an impertinent." He had arrived at the important problem with which many of the great Anglicans of his time

were wrestling—namely, Is there one Church which traces from Apostolic times? Where is this Church to be found? By 1836 the study of the Fathers of the Church had become his chief preoccupation. He accepted the invitation of Newman to join the "Oxford Group" and began to collaborate in Pusey's projected "Library of the Fathers."

Nevertheless, on a number of points Manning held views which differed from those espoused by the members of the "Oxford Group." He still had a reverence for the Protestant Reformation and a dislike for Roman authority. In order to reenforce his prejudices, he in company with Gladstone visited the Eternal City in 1838. Here they attended Catholic services, heard sermons by Franciscans, but found little to confirm his idea of "Roman corruption." Try as he would, his problem still confronted him. To Gladstone he writes:

> That I abhor and tremble at Romish errors, God is witness, but I cannot refuse to sympathize with what is high and true and lovely in their system. And as for the hollow, false, soulless, shapeless, no-system of Protestantism I can yield to it neither the homage of reason nor of affection.

Again and again it was the same question: "I am ready to believe that in the main the Church Catholic *has not* erred: and *will* not err: but I dare not say *can* not."

Meanwhile the course of practical events began to proceed with greater speed. Manning was appointed to the important position of Archdeacon of Chichester. Almost at this same time Newman made known his doubts about the "Anglo-Catholic" theory of a Church, and a number of audacious Oxford men boldly proclaimed their contempt for the Reformation and their love for the Catholic Church. With amazing energy Manning carried on his round of duties. "If we had but the visible undeniable note of sanctity upon us, nothing should resist us." To bring this about, he visited the 130 parishes in his archdeanery, he strove to restore discipline, and to promote devotion and the spiritual life.

Then it was the mark of unity which became a goal of his endeavors. Finding refuge in the idea that he was "a member of a branch of the Catholic Church," he published a treatise on *The Unity of the Church* and considered it "the best apology that he could make for the Anglican Church." Despite the disturbances and the defaults of those about him, he fought with all his strength for the

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At St. Anthony's Feet

PRAYER TO THE INFANT JESUS IN THE ARMS OF ST. ANTHONY. "O sweet Infant Jesus, Thou best and only hope of afflicted souls, I prostrate myself at Thy Feet and beseech Thee through the immeasurable love and grace with which Thou didst visit Thy blessed servant, St. Anthony, when Thou didst comfort and embrace him, to come to me at his intercession and let me taste how sweet Thy presence is in the souls that trust in Thee. Amen."

TRIBUTE BY BENEDICTINES. In *St. Andrew's Missal* we find this note for the feast of St. Anthony, written by Dom Gaspar Lefebre OSB: "Of all the sons of the patriarch of Assisi," writes Dom Gueranger, "the best known, the most powerful before God and men, is Anthony. Born at Lisbon of noble parents, he despised all riches and entered the religious host. Sent to Tuscany, he received the mission to preach. His miracles, wisdom and eloquence caused him to be called the Ark of the Testament and

Pray to St. Anthony for his intercession during the

CHAIR OF UNITY OCTAVE

"That All May Be One"

the Hammer of Heretics. A year before his death he came to Padua where he died at the age of 35 in 1231. Pope Pius XII proclaimed him Doctor of the Church in 1946. Remembering how Anthony recovered by divine intervention a sacred book that had been stolen from him, let us ask this saint not only to make us recover earthly and perishable things but also to obtain for us spiritual help and eternal riches."

ST. BONAVENTURE SPEAKS ON THE FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY. "But who is really a child, at the present time. Humble Littleness is no more; therefore, Love is no more. Nothing is to be seen now, but valleys bulging into hills and hills swelling into mountains. What says Holy Writ: *When they were lifted up, thou cast them down.* To such towing vaunters God says again: *Behold I have made thee a small child; but exceedingly contemptible among the nations,* is such an

infancy. Wherefore will you keep to this childishness, O men, making your days an endless series of inconstancy, boisterous ambition, and vain effort at garnering wretched chaff? Other is that infancy which is declared to be the greatest in the land of true greatness. Such was thine, O Anthony! and thereby wast thou wholly yielded up to Wisdom's sacred influence." (1st Sermon)

ON LOSING THINGS. "There is something exasperating about losing things. Very often they are not really lost, but simply misplaced, and this is even worse because it points out with unmistakable signs that our memory is not what it should be, or used to be. And then too, something is never really lost until we start to look for it. It is only when we want something and try to find it that we discover it is 'lost.' This, of course, is most annoying, particularly if we are in a hurry. Every day in the paper there is a tremendous column of things which have been lost, and of things which have been found, a testimony of human carelessness. People lose all kinds of things: watches, train tickets, keys, money, coats, umbrellas, and dogs. Signs in buses and trains such as 'Don't forget your parcels' are blithely ignored, and thus something else enters the lost column. It is a noteworthy fact that people are usually careful not to lose anything trivial. Most of what they lose is valuable, and since this is true, it would be to their advantage to have a valuable heavenly patron to assist them in their search. This really valuable person is St. Anthony." Robert Wood, S.M.

See back cover for details

OUR LADY OF THE AIRWAVES
THE Ave Maria
RADIO HOUR
DRAMATIZING THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS
SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATION
PRODUCED BY THE GRAYMOOR FRIARS ST. CHRISTOPHERS INN, GARRISON, N. Y.

Cardinal Manning's Journey

Continued from page 25

Anglican position. There was first the matter of loyalty: "I could not leave the Church of England without sin." Then there were the deep ties of sentiment: "The Church of England is so interwoven with the life of this English race of which I am, that I cannot separate them in my affections." By eminent Anglicans of various persuasions Manning was now regarded as the man best equipped to defend their cause.

Therefore, when the "great treason" came, when Newman by his conversion caused, as Disraeli said, "a shock upon England, under which she still reels," when weekly, often daily, men learned of the loss of Ward, Dalgairns, and Oakeley to Rome, Manning was looked to, even more than Pusey, as the one who could defend the Anglican Establishment in its hour of crisis. But the question now was how long could he carry the unsupportable burden of maintaining on the one hand the theory of an Anglican Church which was conceived as one, holy, and apostolic and on the other hand of professing a belief which Henry VIII had chosen, which Elizabeth I had instituted, and of which Victoria was the final judge.

That for five more long years a man of his integrity could continue a task so thankless and hopeless appears, paradoxically though it be, an index to his tremendous physical and spiritual vitality. Ultimately his stand would be broken and he would surrender, but not until he had been hurled on the solid rock of truth.

In his extremity he turned to God. He prayed and practiced self-denial. He underwent the anguish of a death of which he confessed that "all the ties of birth, of blood, of memory, of affection, happiness, interests, all the fascinations which can be exercised over a man's will, attach me to my present belief." Amid these intense sufferings, however, he realized that the English Church could give him no solace. Was it not, he admitted to himself, secularized, separated from the Universal Church, bound without hope to the civil power. "Our divisions," he wrote, "seem to me fatal as a token and as a disease." Stripped of the sacrament of Penance, and of the daily Sacrifice, she was unable to cleanse or strengthen the soul. The indictment continued as these painful years went on. The Anglican Establishment lacked "antiquity, system, intelligibility, order, strength, unity." She had "dogmas on paper only," a

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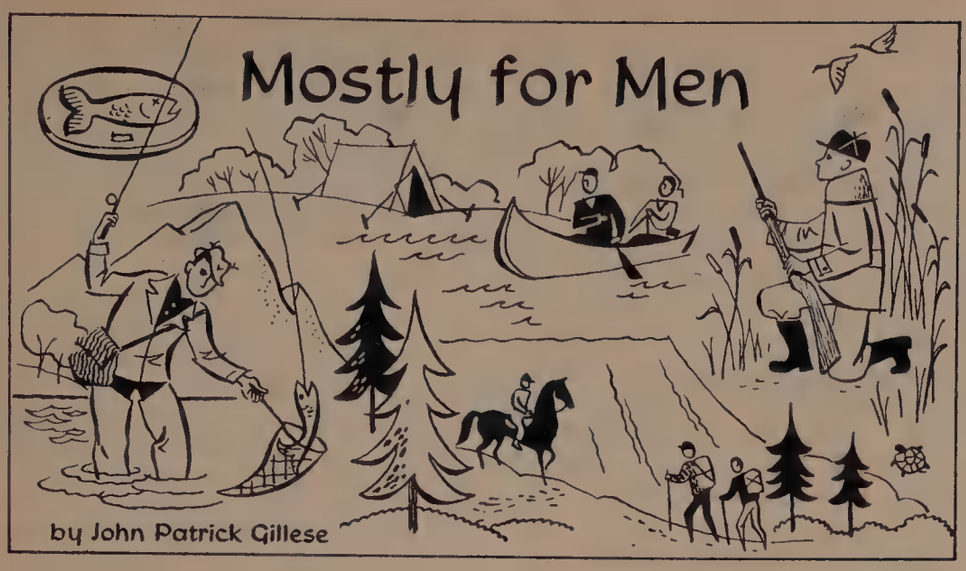

HAPPY NEW YEAR!—My prayer for you, as 1957 begins, is that, this year, you will make some of your real dreams come true. You can forget the proverbial New Year resolutions (which are so soon forgotten anyway!) Instead, take a pencil and paper and an hour of solitude and write down all the worthwhile things you *can* accomplish this year, if you make the effort and sacrifice.

Heading the list should be the spiritual. Just resolve to make *one* worthwhile contribution to the ripe old age you will live to in eternity. Take your pick: the First Fridays . . . one faithful and well-made Novena . . . one really good retreat . . . a year of active work in your parish organization, offered up from the beginning as a service to God. Just one—but do it well; and start doing it as soon as possible. (If it's the First Fridays start in this coming week. If you procrastinate, this year, too, will slip into the limbo of the past.)

What about the material? A really nice garden this year . . . a cabin by the lake. Plan *now*. Figure costs and where to get materials. Work to the time you can begin it.

What about self-achievement? Not long ago I talked with a man, now nearing 70, who was getting ready to leave for California. There he will sun and fish the surf till spring comes. A time of parting brings out the deeper thoughts in the soul, and this man was steeped in gnawing regrets for lost opportunities. Once he had been asked to write a book (writing has held a life-long fascination for him) but, says he, "I could never type fast enough to keep up with my thoughts!" He had muffed a chance at politics—appalled, I believe, to find that his political associates were just ordinary, weak human beings like himself. So his story went.

Maybe the man is a perfectionist. The point is, other people have written best-sellers over those years that are lost to him—and some of them couldn't type at all! (They hired somebody when the main work was done.) Just as the first book still begins with the first word, the longest journey with the first mile, so does every great achievement begin with that first humble effort in the right direction ON YOUR PART.

What about your family, your friends? Have you a boy who lies awake at night, dreaming of the day Daddy will have "time" to take him fishing, to look at his hobbies, to come to his school—like other Daddies do—and see how well he does? If nothing else, promise yourself that this year you will make time, at least for an hour every week—or, better still, 20 minutes each evening—to listen to your son's hopes and dreams and ambitions. I promise you this: not only will you enjoy real happiness in doing so, but in years to come, when that son of yours steps gallantly into manhood to meet the world, you're going to know those few minutes of this year were the most important "labor" you ever undertook . . . and you're going to see the envy in your friends' eyes as they say to one another: "That boy just worships his dad!"

As Catholics, we should be forever grateful to our Church for reminding us that this year, 1957, is one more—maybe the last—that God is giving to us. Maybe a quarter of your expected life is ended, maybe half, maybe three-quarters. It doesn't really matter. What does matter is that God has allotted you still more time on this earth, not only to prepare yourself for eternity, but to accomplish His will here.

Make good use of the time.

AN AUTHOR'S INSPIRATION—You may never know just what an influence you have on my life! It isn't always the letters you write: it's simply because I am allowed each month to speak to you, to admonish, help, warn, inspire or entertain you. With each passing year, the nature of this privilege and responsibility becomes more apparent to me—and, thus, when I admonish you, I admonish myself. When I repeat to you the message of Fatima, I become more conscious of how neglectful I have been on that message. When I advise you to make good use of your time, I take myself to task for those hours I waste away. If I help you, how much more have you helped me. That is the real reward of being a writer.

In that vein, older readers of this column may remember how, in 1956, I took my own tribe—writers—to task for selling you sex, sadism and junk. I also said it was up to Catholic writers to halt the trend by getting out something better. I said: "Don't be surprised if I do something about it myself."

Now I'm a magazine man. I'm so busy (like you) I just couldn't make that extra effort—until I told you to make it!

Then I said: "I can at least *try* something for a start. I can collect the best wildlife short stories I have ever done and ask a publisher to bring them out in book form." So, doing a bit when I could, I selected those that had brought bouquets and cheers from people in all walks of life, of all classes and all ages. Most of them you have never seen, I imagine, since they did not appear in this magazine. (They came out in the "big slicks" with their millions of readers.)

Then, with the brazenness of the Irish, I offered them to a book publisher, from whose shelf has come some good wares and some pretty objectionable. To my complete surprise, the editor accepted this book manuscript in less time that it takes for a magazine to accept a good short story (which is something unheard of in the publishing world.) He claimed the stories were "excellent, thrilling and written to a degree of excellence I have seldom seen." He is a Canadian publisher; and within another couple of weeks, he had written to tell me the rest of the staff agreed completely—so much so that they were taking the book to New York to attempt to arrange simultaneous publication in the U. S. (Something else that is rare, especially when it is an author's first book manuscript.)

The purpose of this experience is to reorient ourselves on basic principles. Instead of cursing the darkness, as Father Keller of the Christophers says,

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Mostly for Men

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I should have been lighting a candle. The onus was on me, a writer, to bring forth a clean book, yet one that would be more interesting, more readable, than the filthy ones. Maybe I've done it—though that's difficult to predict in advance—but at least I've *started*!

(I'll keep you informed—when it will appear, price, etc. It may even be possible to offer it to you at some sort of discount, providing you send in a five-year-renewal to this magazine, or something like that. I think we ought to consider the position of *our* magazine—which, after all, has brought us together—but that is at least a couple of months in the future.)

Now, for this year, I ask you again to "light a candle" against the encroaching darkness. You can't? Surely you can. You could become the president of your PTA—you could run for alderman in your city—become mayor of your little village—be a spokesman, or delegate, for your local union. Today it is getting difficult to get people out to vote, much less to run for office. *Leaders* are needed desperately if our nation is to survive. If a Catholic, trained in principles of justice and patriotism, cannot make a leader, where are we to look? And you can do more. Get a good Protestant friend—honest, clean-living and sensible—to become head of his school's PTA, his union, etc.

Together good Catholics and Protestants and Jews will lick the evil of atheistic materialism. But we'll never do it if *you and I* don't start.

This month seems to be "shot" on the subject of entering the New Year—but I feel strongly compelled to write what I have. As I told you before, I may never know just what effect this has had on you, but somehow I will believe that it will send two or a dozen or maybe a thousand people into 1957 with more purpose than they would otherwise have had—and that, because of it, God's kingdom will be brought closer to man.

YOUR MATHEMATICAL I.Q. AGAIN—Never one to resist good offerings, I was pleasantly surprised and delighted when a wonderful priest-editor (who had perhaps better remain anonymous) sent me a follow-up to that mathematical teaser I gave you last month.

Draw a square and mark it into 25 parts (4 lines across and 4 lines down, *inside* your first square.) Now arrange the numbers one to 25, in such a fashion that no matter how you add them—across, down or diagonally—they total 65.

My donor says he learned it in grammar school: that's the only clue I have to how quickly you should be able to work it! Personally I'd say if you manage it in three hours, you're a genius. The answer's right below—but no self-helping here, please!

17 – 24 – 1 – 8 – 15
23 – 5 – 7 – 14 – 16
4 – 6 – 13 – 20 – 22
10 – 12 – 19 – 21 – 3
11 – 18 – 25 – 2 – 9 †

"go teach ye all nations"

The Graymoor Priest, in the footsteps of Christ, goes through the world winning souls for God's Kingdom. His is a satisfying life of high adventure that calls for deep charity and sacrifice. Young men of High School and College age are invited to join us in our noble, thrilling work.

GRAYMOOR FRIARS
Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Please send me without obligation your literature in regard to:

[ ] Priesthood [ ] Brotherhood Age_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Cardinal Manning's Journey

Continued from page 26

ritual mutilated and forsaken, a clergy divided.

This terrible judgment on an institution whose cause Manning had long strove valiantly to champion, illustrated how weakly the flame of his confidence now burned. He is no longer able to make "any anti-Roman declarations." He is "sad and heavy, tongue-tied and worsted." He has all but ceased to be an Anglican.

At the same time there is at work within him an irresistible attraction which he states in these curious words: "The net closes around me . . . I feel as if a great light had shone before my eyes. My feeling with regard to Roman Catholicism does not arise from the intellect. I have intellectual difficulties, but the great moral difficulties are on the point of melting. Something stirs in me and repeats —'You will die a Catholic.' "

At last it seemed that God did not want him to delay any longer. How could he doubt the call which kept urging him more and more towards the See of Peter? Had he not in his spiritual and physical trials cast himself solely upon God's mercy?

After ending his retirement, two more events took place before his submission to the Vicar of Christ. In 1847, on his doctor's advice, he made a journey to the Continent. With joy he assisted at Mass—the great Sacrifice —always being renewed, yet ever the same. In the Cathedral of Liege, in the Basilica of Aix-la-Chapelle, in the Portiuncula of Assisi, in St. Peter's at Rome he felt at ease, at home, in union with God. He conversed with many persons and was granted two audiences by Pope Pius IX. In his diary Manning merely notes these words of the Pontiff: "My poor prayers are daily offered for England."

If there was any danger now that Manning might stop at the threshold of the faith, might settle into a kind of asceticism which seeks to find its support only in invisible things without actual membership in the visible society founded by Christ, external events conspired to preclude it. This is not to say that the famous Gorham case determined Manning's last step. The action of God's grace was leading a soul famished for reality and truth towards the springs of eternal life, and this grace would be sufficient to bear him all the way. The Gorham controversy only served to mark the end of the journey.

The Reverend J. C. Gorham was an Anglican clergyman who denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration.

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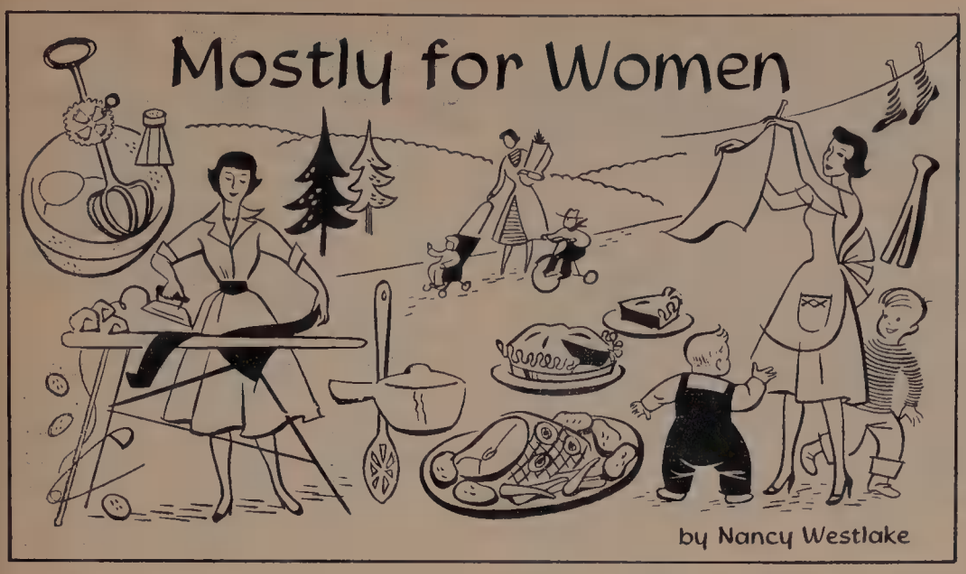


WHAT! AGAIN?

YEP, AFRAID SO! The new year's off to a flying gallop, and here *we* are, a whole year older and probably only a day or so the wiser, relatively speaking. Or so it sometimes seems. Actually, each year adds to our sum total of knowledge, or so the man says, who optimistically claims that,

"Good judgement is the result of experience;

And experience is the result of poor judgement."

HOWEVER . . . don't say I didn't warn you. Last January, I listed five pet gripes, and my idea of appropriate resolutions to counteract them. Practically *nobody* followed my advice! Quite aggravating. The same old nuisances have turned up, some identically, some in a different guise . . . but basically, the same old spooks are still with us (including this old spook) . . . so we, perforce, have to start all over again. I use the editorial, or infallible "we."

Just remember, these resolutions for the New Leaf are the carefully distilled products of my own poor judgement, inexperience, and irascible disposition. Someone or other is bound to take offence . . . may I choose the weapons? Fountain pens filled with cocoa, forty paces.

I've gone, you'll note, to a lot of trouble being disagreeable in this column . . . scarce a laugh in a paragraph . . . but it's all for a good cause: The Improvement of Everybody Else . . . my favorite sport, rain or shine. Here goes:

FIRST, I RESOLVE that writers and singers and publicizers of the so-called "popular" song, who were castigated here last year for their output of tasteless, tuneless, routine sentimentality and jungle rhythms, be given the full penalty. They ought all to be locked for life in a monstrous record booth, and be made to listen endlessly while a 33⅓ recording of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" is played at 78. *They haven't* reformed, and it's pretty obvious that while there's a lucky buck to be made they *won't* reform. Last year they gave us rock-and-roll. Lucky us . . . this year we get Elvis Presley! Brrrrrrrr.

SECOND, I RESOLVE that artists, who, incidentally, seem to be getting up on the right side of the palette lately . . . witness the slick advertisement art in *Time*, *Life*, *New Yorker*; and the really great children's book illustration by William Pénè Dubois and Garth Williams . . . hop on the religious art wagon and *do something* about the anaemic, plaster Madonnas and weak-kneed St. Josephs from whose ranks one is usually forced to choose when purchasing a statue or picture for home or church devotion.

Strict liturgical symbolism may be a little austere for our modern taste . . . although Heaven knows why: the early Christians were happy enough with it . . . but at least we could give up our mid-Victorian, melodramatic approach to sanctity, and demand, if not Rouault and modernism, at least taste and realism. You and I, and surely the artist, must know that St. Ignatius of Loyola, for instance, never would have assumed the glassy-eyed, lily-like expression he wears on the walls of most parish parlors graced with his "portrait." The man was a Christian and a soldier . . . which seems to imply a great deal more in the way of character than can be expressed by drooping eyelids. Nor did St. Therese, an extremely common sense Frenchwoman and a determined ascetic, ever have the time, much less the inclination, to decoratively stand about like a garden figurine. As an artist-acquaintance of mine ruefully expressed it: "I'll bet she's sorry she ever *mentioned* roses."

It must be admitted, however, in fairness to the artists themselves, that a painter or a sculptor is a tradesman like any other, in that he must market his product if he is to go on eating or creating at all. And it is generally agreed among devotees of religious realism, that honest religious art is not "what the people want" . . . which means there is practically no market. This must surely tempt the poor artist with four children and a mortgage to just give up, and go on turning out St. Francises with squirrels on their shoulders.

"Popular taste, whether in sanctity, or in art, demands insulation against shock. It wants saints who have ceased to be real, and are therefore innocuous; and it wants artists who will minister to its self-conceit."

Strong words . . . and from a fairly authoritative source . . . . Well! On to the next gripe.

THIRD, I RESOLVE that salesmen, who *still* refuse . . . and always will . . . it's the nature of the species . . . to take "No!" for an answer, will at least revise their Pity pitch in favor of one based on logic and utility, or just good old-fashioned salesmanship of the non-sob variety. Por exemplar:

If an all-purpose clothes and chimney brush is useless to me, or if just plain shoddy workmanship, or too expensive, then it's *no sale* . . . and the idea that it was made by legless, armless, orphan Veterans isn't going to make it any more desirable or useful in itself. Charity is charity, and utility is utility . . . patriotism is fine and commendable . . . but not in a phony sales appeal. Buddy Poppies and various Seals are another thing . . . entirely: there we receive a product of purely symbolical value in return for our alms, and that's all we expect for them . . . just an outward sign of appreciation for a charitable donation. But please take away the jeweled mousetraps and the hymn-books. No, I don't care if they *were* made by the widows of victims of the Spanish-American War. And don't come back!

FOURTH, I RESOLVE that those Catholics who seem to have taken a vow of silence in regard to their religion will drop the "No Popery Aloud" routine and be vociferous apostles . . . at least insofar as it's reasonable. How

Continued on page 30

See back cover for details

Educate

a worthy boy so that he can reach the Altar of God

Co-operate

in the Missionary work of the Graymoor Friars

Participate

in God's Holy work for the Salvation of Souls

You CAN satisfy the charity burning in your heart to do all of these things. Perhaps, in justice to yourself, you feel that you cannot do them right now. But by remembering the Graymoor Friars in your will you can accomplish all this and share in the rewards promised by Christ. Keep alive the Christian tradition of real charity by sharing something with Christ, Our Blessed Lord and Saviour

Here's How:

Merely insert in your will: I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of $_____

Mostly for Women

Continued from page 29

many times one hears the following stirring apostolic conversation:

"Say, Madge . . . "

"Hmmmmmmmm?"

"Are . . . are you a Catholic?"

"Well, yes. But I don't like to talk about my religion. What did you say's at the Screenland?"

Many a rosy convert-to-be is nipped frostily by this one, and never recovers . . . because if Madge is the only Catholic you know intimately enough to discuss religion with, and she says she doesn't want to talk about it . . . well, what're you going to do for information . . . write the Pope?

Which brings me around to my thesis for January, 1956 . . . one that sounds simple enough, but which seemed to arouse no end of wrath last year. However, I still say, echoing J. Donne,

"No man is an island, entire of itself. Each is a part of the whole, a piece of the maine."

And that really isn't anything but a poetic interpretation of the doctrine of the Mystical Body. Maybe it's true that we're all interdependent . . . for love, information, sanctification, and fulfillment as reasonable beings. Could be . . . anyway, that's our thought for the year.

And now I'm through griping!

No Time for Turkey . . .

. . . like the present, that is. I *know* there must be a ton or two of Christmas leftovers that you can concoct the following from. If not, this is equally good with chicken . . . preferable a tired old stewer . . . so, I gives ya

Savory Casserole

Cut into bite-size pieces:

3 cupsful chicken, turkey, or veal, cooked

Marinate it for 3 or 4 hours in:

2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

1 Tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce

Then add:

1 large onion, chopped finely

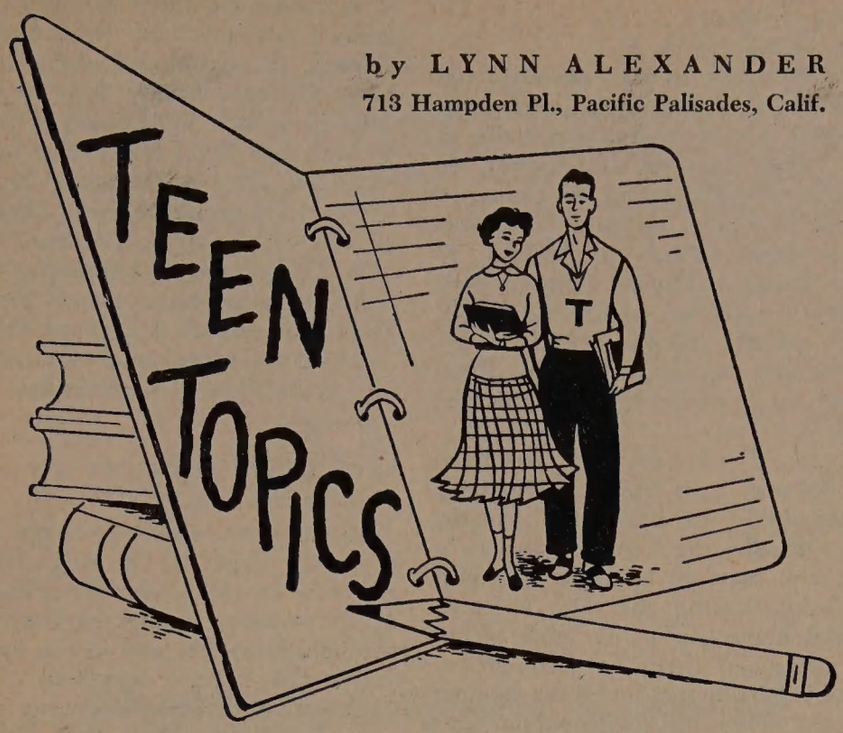
½ cup parsley, chopped

½ cup slivered almonds

1 teaspoon Dill Sauce (Milani)

2 cups cooked rice, brown variety, or the same amount Ala, or cracked wheat. Place in buttered casserole (if you have any chicken grease to use as oil, so much the tastier!

Now bake until onion is cooked . . . about half an hour at 350 F. Good eating with a salad and a sweet, as we British say . . . for instance some of the little fresh-frozen petit-fours available at the corner gigantic supermarket. Different and delicious! †



by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Lynn,

I am a girl of thirteen and I have a problem. Although the boys seem to like me very much and I am popular with them, the girls don't care for me. At first I didn't seem to mind. I thought I could get along without the friendship of the other girls. But now I find that I am very lonely.

I would very much like to make friends with the other girls but I don't know how to go about it. Can you give me some suggestions?

God bless you and thanks.

Diane

Diane, yours is quite a common complaint for your age. Generally, the reason stems from the fact that the teen does not have sisters or else the teen is going through the "boy crazy" stage. Where there are no sisters, a girl often lacks the feeling of being at ease with other girls. Where the girl is going through the "boy crazy" phase, she has deliberately eliminated girls from her friendship circle, having the idea that girls are not nearly so important as boys. Both reasons can be serious handicaps to popularity and later happiness.

Very rarely, Diane, is the reason for the lack of friends the possibility that the other girls are jealous. The lone girl often *thinks* this is the reason to justify her loneliness but it is seldom the case.

To gain the friendship of the other girls, look at the situation realistically. All of us want and desire friends, just as you do. Some of us do not have the facility for making new friends that others have. But that deep-seated unfailing desire is just as strong. So, your best bet, Diane, is to *be* a friend! Yes, it's as simple as that!

If you will *be* a friend, you'll find that the girls will readily accept you. Since you are taking the initiative, it will be up to you to make the first effort. Instead of trying to attract a large group of girls, single out one or two of the girls whose popularity is mediocre. Don't aim at the leader of the group. Your motives will be questioned. The other girls will figure that you are "buttering up" the leader so that you can trail along in the wake of her popularity. But select one or two of the girls whom everyone likes but who don't shine quite as brightly. Whenever you see these girls, be the first to say hello. Find an excuse to start a conversation with them. If you excel in any certain subject, offer your help with their homework or outside assignments. (This doesn't mean actually doing their homework for them. It means assisting and explaining!)

Being a friend means more than just being friendly. A friend is a good listener and confidante. A good friend never repeats things which have been said in confidence. Being able to keep a secret is important. So many girls of your age, Diane, make the mistake of trying to impress others with their importance. This, they feel, can be done by carrying confidences. They will listen attentively and sympathetically to one girl as she reveals her innermost secrets and troubles and then practically run to the next girl with the "news." "Did you know that Mary's family lost *all* of their money?" Or "Guess what I just heard? Mary has a crush on that silly David who sits next to her in class!"

Repeating such confidences is not being a friend. Actually, it's being the girl's worst enemy! She has trusted you with her private thoughts. She has relied upon you, as her close friend, to keep to yourself the personal bits of conversation which have passed between you. While these tidbits may draw interested "ohs" and "ahs" from the next girl, they are also working to your disadvantage. The second girl automatically knows that you are not to be trusted with anything personal or intimate! People aren't dumb, Diane. They can see through this type of "tattle-tale" immediately!

In addition to being a friend, you should attempt to join several of the girls' organizations. In this way you will enlarge your circle of friendship among the teens. Whereas none of the girls you know have appealed to you outstandingly as a close friend, you may encounter many candidates among the girls' leagues and clubs. And don't just be a joiner! When you enlist in the organization, actively offer your services wherever they are needed. Perhaps it's just the money-raising committee or the decorating committee. It doesn't matter. If you want to be considered a part of the organization, you must work for it.

If you truly want to be popular with the other girls, you will not try to be too individual. While there is no need to make yourself a carbon copy of the popular girls in your school, you will follow certain "do's" and "don'ts" that they have established. If the group wears moccasins and saddle oxfords to class, you won't come waltzing across campus in French high heels. If the other girls wear sport clothes to school, you won't come up with some fancy, frilly street dress. If the other girls have limited allowances and yours is considerably higher, you want to conceal this fact rather than make a display of it. In other words, Diane, you will follow the norm that is established by the group. You're not imitating any one person—you are merely abiding by what is accepted.

The last important thing to remember, Diane, is to limit your "boy talk." Girls take offense when another girl has nothing on her mind but boys. They feel that they themselves are unimportant to her friendship, that she cares nothing about anyone who isn't a boy. Perhaps the boys *are* highly attracted to you and you *have* been asked for lots of dates. If this is so, keep it to yourself. Should the

Continued on page 32

See back cover for details

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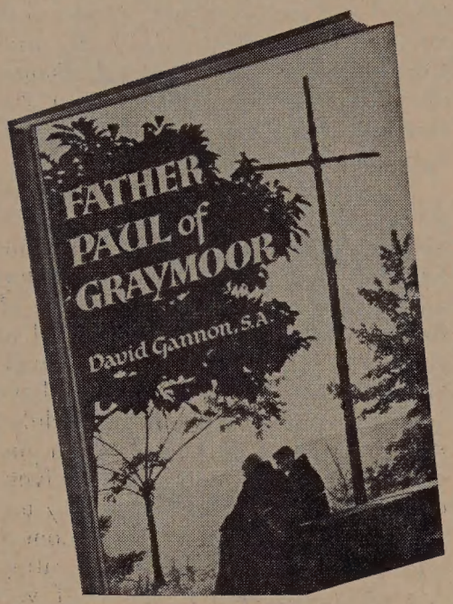

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Teen Topics

Continued from page 31

other girls *ask* if you are attracted to any of the boys, then it's all right to speak about it. But especially at first when you are attempting to establish friends among the girls, you should eliminate the boys from your conversation. There are plenty of other topics to discuss with the girls —clothes, make-up, school, clubs, hobbies, teachers, families. There is no reason why you should feel that there is only one interesting topic in the world!

Again, if you are going to have girl friends, it is going to be your responsibility to make the friends. Undoubtedly, they will not come to you. You must go to them. It would be helpful along this line to have several home parties for girls alone. Try to make them as different as possible. Invite not only the leaders but the other girls with whom you want to associate. By going out of your way for the girls, they will soon get the idea that you want to be friends with girls as well as boys! †

Cardinal Manning's Journey

Continued from page 28

Because the denial of a doctrine so basic seemed tantamount to a denial of the most minimal type of Christianity, the Anglican Bishop of Exeter refused him a place in his diocese. Gorham finally appealed to the Privy Council, the final court of appeal in English Law. This court, a civil one acting in the name of the Queen, decided in favor of the Reverend Gorham.

This decision brought into focus clearly and unmistakably a fact which no Anglican must ever forget. This is the fact of Royal Supremacy—from the time of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I the foundation of the Established Church of England. Now and then, with greater or less enthusiasm, Anglicans have spoken in beautiful language of the universal Church, of Councils, of apostolic succession, of a rule of faith. These things are for them rhetorical constructs, nice theories. The judgment of the Queen's Privy Council was another reminder, a hearkening back to reality.

Manning's farewell to Anglicanism and entrance into the Catholic Church coincided with the outburst of feeling against "Papal aggression," stirred up in large measure by Prime Minister Russell, on the occasion of the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England in 1850. England once again had a Catholic Archbishop—Cardinal Wiseman. At a "protest" meeting against the installation of this Cardinal Henry Manning bade farewell to his fellow ministers in the Anglican Church. It was an end and a beginning. He was finally free to make what he called "my last act of reason and my first act of faith." The following April, after having made his profession of faith and received Baptism, he was confirmed by Cardinal Wiseman. Truly it was a beginning, for in April, 14 years later, Henry Edward Manning was named by Pope Pius IX Cardinal Wiseman's successor as Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. †

Our Lady's League

Continued from page 8

In this connection we might refer to a title used by St. Augustine in reference to Our Lady. He called her *Mater unitatis*, Mother of Unity, for she holds together and in the love of Jesus, the faithful members of the Mystical Body. She likewise prays and intercedes that her children throughout the world who are wandering in error and falsehood may return to the family hearth of the one true Church. In a splendid little book, *Theology of the Apostolate*, the Most Rev. Leon Suenens, auxiliary bishop of Malines, Belgium, declares: "Mary offers herself to us as the connecting link between Eastern and Western Christianity. She is a common blessing, a priceless treasure, passionately beloved. Let us then, open our soul to her that she may take possession of it. Mary will lead her children with a sure and gentle hand to the one Fold where the whole truth is to be found, the fullness of life, Jesus Christ Our Lord."

It is our hope and prayer that thousands of the faithful will join our League under the benign protection of Our Lady of the Atonement, not only to secure the many blessings to be gained through such membership, but to form a formidable group in the Church of Christ in praying for the great goal of Christ, which is surely reflected in the Heart of His beloved Mother: "that they all may be one." We are immeasurably grateful to God and to the Holy Father for this League which has been established at Graymoor and for the privileges which have been granted. But like Father Paul who said of the Octave "we promise in return to labor more zealously and with all our strength" to spread it throughout the world, so we too desire to propagate our League far and wide as a means of bringing souls into the unity of the One Fold.

You can help us in this wonderful but gigantic enterprise. Won't you do so? †

OUR AVE MARIA HOUR is now broadcast every week over more than four hundred stations. It has inspired millions with the heroism of the Saints; it has brought a knowledge of God's truth to many non-Catholics and it has created a sympathy for the Church in many sections of our land where prejudice and bigotry were formerly rampant. Our success has been gratifying.

AT ST. CHRISTOPHER'S INN we give food and lodging and clothing to the homeless, footsore, and hungry men continually knocking at our door. To the best of our ability we take care of all who come to us, white or colored, of any denomination. With the help of God we have been able to straighten many of these men out to again become useful citizens.

GRAYMOOR MISSIONS . . . During the past fifteen years we have been able to send Friars to work and build churches and schools for the colored in the South, the Mexicans in Texas, Indians and others all over Canada, and the Japanese in the Orient. These projects are taxing our resources greatly. In many instances we are compelled to give food and clothing.

. . . that you may know!

Many of our friends write and ask us: "What is your plan for Sponsors?" First of all you will share in a very special way in all of the Masses, prayers, and good works of all of our priests, brothers, and students. Missionaries all over the world say more than three thousand Masses every year for our benefactors. You will share also in all of our Solemn Novenas at Christmas, Easter, St. Anthony's Day, the Feast of Our Lady of the Atonement, and your dead will also be remembered in our Novena Masses. Your name will be kept at the foot of the Shrine of St. Anthony at Graymoor so that you will be remembered in our Perpetual Novena to St. Anthony. You will also be remembered in all of our Special Novenas in our various houses. Finally, we are arranging to have a special Mass said every day for our Graymoor Sponsors.

That is our plan. At your convenience write us for complete details.

THE CHAIR OF UNITY OCTAVE which our Founder, Fr. Paul James Francis, S.A., inaugurated and which we now promote, has made increasing numbers of Catholics and non-Catholics realize the need for prayer and sacrifice so that all people may be united in the One, True Fold of Christ. This prayer movement has now spread throughout the entire Christian world.

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4. the spiritual and material rehabilitation of the poor and unfortunate, such as the men who come to St. Christopher's Inn.

You may rest assured that your contribution to the Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan will be used in works which will result favorably to your credit and bring you added gifts and blessings in the hereafter.

This Annuity makes it possible for you to do all the above and still enjoy an income for life, which is in most cases greater than you are now receiving, as the rate of return to you is based on your age at the date of the Gift.

You will also share, while living, as well as after death, in over 3,000 Masses offered up annually for Graymoor benefactors.

For further information write to:

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